

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1830.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

THIS lady is too young, and has been too short a time before the public, to have furnished materials for a lengthened biography. From her infancy she was destined for that profession of which her parents are distinguished ornaments; and her education was of course sedulously conducted with a view of forming an accomplished actress. Some minds rise, by natural vigour, above the impediments which a want of early tuition throws in the way of candidates for fame; but in general it will be found that the history of the stage furnishes abundant proof of the advantages which a finished education affords. Its importance is implied in the necessity which performers of great natural ability lie under of cultivating their intellect, if they wish to retain the impression which a happy genius may incidentally produce. John Kemble was a scholar, and his distinguished sister is one of the most accomplished ladies in England. To the care which has been bestowed on Miss Kemble's tuition may be attributed some portion of that excellence, which has been so fully recognized by all who have beheld her performance.

We have heard many anecdotes illustrative of Miss Kemble's cleverness while at school, and we can have no hesitation in believing that she generally carried off those little stimulants to industry, in the shape of prizes, which able governesses find useful in exciting a laudable rivalry. At the different examinations, the tragic power which was to delight at a future day applauding houses, indicated itself in so remarkable a manner, that it excited tears of joy in the eyes of a fond mother. Her father's lessons were calculated to develop fully her natural capabilities, but though he felt that she could not fail to succeed on the stage, he wisely refrained from giving theatrical gossipers an opportunity of anticipating the decision of the public.

The time for making her debüt was well chosen: she bore a "charmed name," and she appeared, as it were, an interesting advocate to plead the cause of a father undeservedly deprived of the fruits of a long and active professional life. The sympathy of the theatrical world had, too, been excited in favour of a popular

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establishment, and that deficiency must be very glaring indeed which the gallantry of an English audience will not excuse in a debutant of seventeen. These circumstances were all in favour of Miss Kemble, but they were by no means necessary to her success, for she is

“ Form’d for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage,
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill,
To turn and wind the passions as she will,
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow,
To put on Frenzy’s wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair.”

The part chosen for her first appearance was that of Juliet ; and never had the fair girl of Verona a more fitting representative : the balcony scene disarmed criticism, and the whole performance established Miss Kemble’s character as no unworthy successor to her venerable aunt, Mrs. Siddons. “ Romeo and Juliet ” continued to be played three nights each successive week ; and such was the rage to witness Miss Kemble’s performance, that crowds had to depart nightly without being able to gratify their curiosity. This “ hit,” as it is called in the Green Room, will, it is supposed, redeem the affairs of Covent Garden Theatre, for the weekly receipts this season have, thus far, exceeded any thing experienced at this house during the last ten years.

The success of Miss Kemble in the part of Juliet made her admirers anxious to see her perform some of the other leading characters. That of Belvidera was accordingly chosen, and the tragedy of “ Venice Preserved ” was enacted on Wednesday, December the 9th, in the presence of a crowded house. The talents which enabled her to personify the love-sick daughter of the Capulets secured her triumph in the part of Belvidera. It was, perhaps, on the whole, superior to her Juliet, and proved her capacity for the whole range of tragic characters.

Miss Kemble’s style of acting is not without its peculiarities, and some defects which time will tend to remove. Her attitudes, say some of the critics, border too closely on distortion ; and in giving expression to dignity or high resolve, she is not always happy. This is in part true, but a familiar acquaintance not only with her own powers, but with the business of the drama, will enable her to correct any of those trifling faults of conception to which her inexperience exposes her. She is in a good school, does not want able instructors, and, we hope, has the sense, as we are sure she has the capacity, to profit by their lessons.

In colloquial passages Miss Kemble is peculiarly happy; and nothing can be finer than her expression of earnestness. That dignity which so well becomes the tragic muse never forsakes her; and we have observed with pleasure, that, as her confidence increases, her performance approximates more closely to perfection.

LAURA.

"Go, Marco, from the beacon tower look out upon the main;
Since morn for Juan's bark my straining eyes have gazed in vain.
The promised hour is past, and well, I ween, hath served the gale,
Yet from my lattice I descry not even his distant sail."

'Twas Laura spoke—and now the mid-day past, to his decline
Verges the sun, and o'er the wave extends his radiant line:
Anon the starry eyes of heaven shed round their silvery ray,
Why comes not Juan—even yet his bark is far away?—

And Marco quits his lonely watch, for now no searching eye,
Nor glass, aught distant, o'er the dark and drear wave can descry:
And she who bade the old man watch, hath heartless sought her bower,
In sorrow lone and desolate to waste the midnight hour.

In vain her harp the mourner strikes—its sad and plaintive strain
Awakens thought that wildly thrills her deeply throbbing brain;
That harp which aye her feelings speaks has only power to cheer,
When Laura wakes its melody for Juan's listening ear.

Another morning faintly beams—lo, o'er the foaming brine
A shatter'd vessel shore-ward steers—Juan, can it be thine?
Why then re-echo not the rocks thy bugle's wonted blast?
Why throng the decks no gallant crew, no white flag on the mast?—

Laura had marked the approaching bark—before it reach'd the land
Her foot was on the pebbly beach—her eye the group had scan'd—
She saw enough—too much to cheat the cunning of despair,
She saw that *he*, her pirate love, her Juan, was not there!

No word escaped her quivering lips—no hurried question—what
His fate, or how he fell, she durst not ask—she saw him not!—
Fain had she learnt the dreaded tale, yet could not trust her ear;
Her eyes informed her bursting heart it had no more to fear.

She spoke not, sunk not, o'er the scene she bent her tearless eye—
Oh, has her reason fall'n beneath excess of agony?—
Conducted to her bower, full soon the voice of woman's wail
Sounds wildly from that mountain-tower, loud wafted on the gale.

But Laura sleeps, and hears it not—no blast of sorrow now
Ruffles her bosom's loveliness, or clouds her changeless brow.
Her heart was warm and wild as was the rose upon her cheek,
One withering blast that rose could blight, one woe that heart could break.

A languid smile yet linger'd on the features of the dead,
That well express'd how peacefully her gentle spirit fled—
Or was it that her sorrow ceased, as her closing eye grew dim,
Or was it that her last repose had peaceful dreams of him?

CHARLES M.

THE SHIPWRECK.

A TALE.

"I AM prepared to redeem my promise of yesterday, Mrs. Montague," said my companion, as he uncereimoniously entered a pretty cottage at Shawell, in the Isle of Wight, leaving at the door his fishing implements, together with his basket, containing the produce of our united morning's exertions. "I fear, however," added he, "you will, upon inspecting our booty, consider us very indifferent anglers."

"Nay, Mr. Morton," replied the lady, "I can readily excuse you, the weather has been the reverse of favourable to your diversion."

Busied in adjusting my line, which by some means had become entangled, I had remained at the door during the above dialogue. Having finished this important business, I entered the cottage, when an introduction to its mistress, the widow of an old and esteemed friend of Morton's, took place. During our stay at the widow's, the sky, which throughout the day had been lowering, assumed a threatening aspect, and frequent hollow gusts of wind augured the approach of a storm. Hastily mounting our horses, which, by Morton's direction, had been brought to the cottage, we bade our hostess adieu, and after a few minutes' ride arrived at my friend's residence at Chale. Henry Morton had, at an early age, been deprived of both his parents, and left almost entirely dependant on his uncle, an East India director, by whose interest he had obtained a lucrative situation in the company's service. Compelled by ill health to leave India, he had returned to his native country, and once more become an inmate of his uncle's residence.

It was at this period that an intimacy originated between him and the writer of this narrative, an intimacy which a similarity of tastes soon matured into an ardent friendship. Morton would frequently regret the illness which reduced him, from his splendid appointment in India, to a pensioner on the bounty of his uncle. Still, however, I could perceive frequent indications of a despondency which not any change of circumstances could account for. This secret of "his soul's malady," into which my regard for his feelings prohibited any inquiry, his friendship, ere long, confided to me.

Among the passengers in his voyage out were two sisters, named Julia and Augusta Fitz Albyn, who, having completed their education in England, were about to join their father, Sir John Fitz Albyn, one of the chief judges of the Madras district.

An acquaintance of four months on ship-board offered opportunities of communication, not often attainable from an intercourse of as many years, in a more extended circle. Perfectly qualified by very superior attainments to beguile the many tedious hours of a long sea-voyage, Henry's intimacy with the young ladies grew daily closer, an intimacy which, for the reason just stated, was rather promoted than checked, by the lady under whose protection the sisters performed the voyage. Under these circumstances it will not be wondered that my friend should become seriously attached to Julia, the elder of the young ladies, an amiable and interesting girl of eighteen; who, if Henry's wishes deceived not himself, entertained no mean opinion of her admirer. On his arrival at Madras, Morton continued, up to the period of the indisposition which rendered his departure from India necessary, an intimate of Sir John Fitz Albyn's family. Conscious that his circumstances would not authorize him, as yet, to solicit the hand of Julia, Henry had latterly forborne his attentions, and even left India without having learnt Sir John Fitz Albyn's sentiments on the subject. Shortly after his arrival, he became, by the demise of his uncle, possessed of property more than adequate to his utmost wishes. During several months of my first acquaintance with him, his recovery from the wasting effects of a foreign climate was in the highest degree doubtful; and even upon the full re-establishment of his health, all hope of a return to India was denied him, under peril of a relapse which must inevitably prove fatal.

If sickness had hitherto exhausted all its vigour on his enfeebled frame, he was now destined to experience the severe pangs of mental disquietude.

Throughout his long and dangerous illness, the hope of a return to India had buoyed up his sinking spirits; and now, in defiance of the danger attendant upon such an undertaking, he determined upon an almost immediate departure for that country. At this period an official announcement of Sir John Fitz Albyn's expected return to England appeared in the public journals, and a new existence beamed on Henry Morton.

I have been led into a detail, which, though somewhat tedious, may be requisite to the development of my story, to which I return.

As I have observed, we arrived at my friend's residence in time to escape the storm that burst in unprecedented fury, almost immediately after our arrival. Divesting ourselves of our fishing equipments, we prepared for dinner. * * * *

The untasted morsel fell from Morton's lips, as he pushed his plate from him, and requested me to listen to sounds which were to his ear too familiar. Between the intervals of the rushing tempest, and the roaring waters of the bay, the report of guns was heard in quick succession. "It is," said Morton, "the signals of distress from some vessel in the bay—follow me."

We rose from the table, and, throwing on our cloaks, prepared to brave the fury of the elements. A few minutes brought us to the cliff above the bay, which, together with the beach below, was already thronged with anxious spectators. * * * *

At the distance of a very few hundred yards from the shore, a stranded vessel appeared, over which the surf beat vehemently and almost incessantly. Her main and mizen masts had, we were informed, shivered in the violence of her stranding, while at the same moment a heavy sea had swept her boats from the deck. Her long-boat had subsequently been disabled, and sunk in the act of lowering it, and the unhappy passengers and crew were thus left without any possible means of leaving the wreck, whose dissolution seemed momentarily threatened by the heavy swell which incessantly broke over it. We descended the cliff, and thus, obtaining a nearer view, discerned, through the gloom of the evening, the quarter-deck, covered with male and female passengers, whose outstretched arms implored that assistance which it seemed beyond human power to grant. At this perilous crisis, the eyes of the multitude on the beach turned on my friend, who had directed their exertions on similar occasions. "Will my fishing smack live?" inquired Morton. A reply in the negative burst from several lips. "We can but try her," added he, giving a key to his servant who had followed him. His boat-house was at a very short distance, and by the united efforts of the numbers around the smack was soon launched. "Are there any here who will venture their lives with me to save their fellow-creatures?" inquired Morton, addressing the by-standers. A young seaman advanced. "Come on, my brave fellow, you shall be well rewarded," said my friend. "I do not venture my life for gain, sir," replied the sailor, whose name I learned was William Halliday, disengaging himself as he spoke from the detaining grasp of a young female, who, with an infant at her breast, was employing the "eloquence of tears" to divert her husband from the dangerous attempt.

"Good bye, Mary," exclaimed the gallant youth, "God will preserve me for you and that dear infant." He pressed his lips on the pale forehead of his wife, threw one fond look upon his

child, and, springing forward, caught Morton's extended hand, and leaped with him into the boat. His example was followed by a few others. Morton waved his hand, and directing me to wrap his cloak around the young seaman's wife and her babe, sat himself at the helm. The tide ran rapidly off the shore, and the little crew must soon have reached their destination, had not the swell, driven back by the wind, offered a strong and dangerous impediment. With anxiety scarcely less intense than that of the poor creature who, with her babe, stood trembling beside me, and would have fallen but for the support of my arm, I marked the slow and uncertain progress of the devoted party. Rocked on the eddying surf, their little bark seemed the sport of every idle blast.

"She is safe," I exclaimed, observing she had reached the bow of the stranded vessel. At this moment a tremendous swell broke over her—the boat disappeared: the shrieks of her crew, if they uttered any, were lost in the roaring tempest.—"He is gone!" screamed the young female at my side, and, with a convulsive shudder, she sank senseless on the beach. I could not raise her, but remained rooted powerless to the spot. A minute after, the skiff again appeared dancing on the waves. "Recover yourself, sir," cried Morton's domestic, "my master and two of the sailors have regained the boat, and are under the bow of the wreck."

I could only ejaculate my thanks to Heaven, as, rousing from my stupor, I beheld the skiff under the vessel's side, and the passengers descending into her. Nobly freighted, the skiff cleared the wreck, and with difficulty reached the strand in safety. The multitude rushed into the water, and the fainting forms of several females were borne triumphantly up the beach.

Overcome by his exertions, Morton had fallen insensible in his attempts to climb the side of the wreck; and in that state was conveyed to the shore—nor was the condition of his surviving companions far otherwise. William Halliday was assisted from the boat, and sank motionless into the arms of his youthful and affectionate partner. Placing my exhausted friend and his companions in danger in Morton's chaise, which had opportunely been driven to the spot, I ordered them, together with the passengers, to be conducted home, and dispatched the boat a second time to the wreck. The preventive boats from the neighbouring stations now arrived, and by the humane exertions of these brave fellows, the whole of the passengers and crew, with the most valuable of the stores of the vessel, which proved to be a homeward-bound East Indiaman, were in somewhat more than an hour safe on land. Scarcely had the last boat left her, when a

sea broke over the wreck, and with a crash which reached even to the shore, she yielded to the storm, and shivered into a thousand pieces.

Never did a conqueror survey with feelings of such triumphant pride his train of captives, as those with which I looked around on the multitude of fellow-creatures thus snatched from the jaws of destruction. Having quartered the seamen at the only inn in the village, I conducted the remainder of the passengers, with the captain and superior officers, to Morton's residence. I found him recovered from his fatigue, and giving orders for refreshments for his unusually numerous company. On the following morning the passengers were conducted in a pilot boat, dispatched for the purpose, to Portsmouth, whence they immediately departed for London. One party, however, remained; Sir John and Lady Fitz Albyn, with their lovely daughters, could not so soon quit their old friend and gallant preserver. They were the first to be received into the boat in which Morton and the surviving seamen had, after the loss of their two ill-fated companions, succeeded in reaching the wreck. At the end of two days, Sir John, having business of importance to transact, set off with his family for London. It will not be doubted that Morton readily accepted the baronet's pressing invitation to town; nor, perhaps, will my readers feel surprise, when I inform them that not many months had elapsed, ere my attendance was requested at the union of Henry Morton and Julia Fitz Albyn.

The first journey of the new married pair was to the scene of their former dangers. It was a delightful spring morning when a gay cavalcade entered the little village of Chale. The country people, in their holiday attire, were assembled to greet their visitors, the bells of the rustic church rang their merriest peal, and every face brightened with the honest smiles of respectful affection. As the party alighted at Mr. Morton's cottage, a new and well constructed yacht bore gallantly into the bay, and dispatched her boat on shore. In a few minutes Sir John and Lady Fitz Albyn, with Mr. and Mrs. Morton, and several friends, proceeded, amid the blessings of the delighted peasantry, to the shore. In a moment the hands of Morton were respectfully grasped by the captain and mates of the yacht, in whom the shipwrecked party recognized William Halliday and his two gallant comrades, to whose exertions they had been indebted for their preservation.

"Will my fishing smack live?" playfully inquired Morton. The well known words, once employed on a very different occasion, operated like electricity on William and his associates—the old

smack was hauled to the beach, and in her the party, with Morton at the helm, were rowed rapidly to the yacht. Henry owned his happiness complete, as he assisted his lovely bride on board, and departed amid the cheers of the multitude that thronged the shore, on a short aquatic excursion.

CHARLES M.

THE DESERTED HAUNT.

“ And still the green is bright with flow’rs;
And dancing thro’ the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bow’rs,
On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly:
But where is the tiny hunter-rout,
That revell’d on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey ?”—Wilson.

Too lonely for the bright blue skies this silent Eden seems:
Are there no feet to trace its woods, no lips to bless its streams?
Must its violets wither in the shade, and the wreath be still unbound?—
It was not thus when fairy steps fell lightly on this ground.
And is the minstrel cuckoo left, his festal lay to swell,
When clouds, with crimson beauty flush’d, are hung o’er yonder dell?—
Must bees within the sweet flow’rs sleep, or sunbeams touch the rose,
Without one gentle heart to breathe a charm o’er their repose?
Where have they fled—the merry groups—with all their glee and mirth,
That summer wak’d amid the vines, and round the cottage-hearth?
Oh, are their golden ringlets giv’n unto some other wind,
Or do they in a distant land as bright an Eden find?—
If it be thus, thou Solitude, in dreams they haunt thee still,
And see the stars of midnight shine upon their native rill;
And tho’ they are estrang’d from thee, a spirit like the dove
O’er them extends its spotless wings of innocence and love.
We have heard their mellow voices thrill melodious thro’ the air,
We have seen them on the gleaming turf unite in evening pray’r,
They have roam’d across the sun-lit fields when the holy curfew sung,
And the sky-lark from his mossy nest into the ether sprung.
But the gleaming turf, the sun-lit fields, are lonely now and mute;—
They are gone—the playful bands that sooth’d our sadness like a lute!—
We may search amid the hills, thou Haunt, or look beyond the sea,—
But never, never shall their songs be wafted back to thee!
Oh, broken is the tender chain, the fount hath gush’d away,
Which was the music of the heart before it knew decay;
In vain do widow’d feelings pine for mirth and beauty fled,
Or fondly hope to welcome home—the distant and the dead!
Go, gaze upon the sculptur’d stone, and the daisied turf beneath;
Go, think of bow’rs that shine beyond the phantom-land of death;
And by the heav’n that o’er ye beams as lovely as the sea,
Albeit the Haunt is hush’d, it shall impart its peace to ye!

REGINALD AUGUSTINE.

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

A SCIENCE, the cultivation of which adds so many graces to the female mind, is now happily pretty generally understood : the guitar is found in every lady's boudoir, and the piano-forte is an appropriate piece of furniture in every parlour and drawing-room. The history of an art so delightful cannot fail to interest the readers of "The Ladies Museum," and I promise them neither to be very tedious or unnecessarily scientific.

The Greek music was somewhat complicated. The author of the "Young Anacharsis" transcribes a passage, from a Greek musician, which seems to make it probable, that the Greeks found it very difficult to sing in the enharmonic scale : at present it is considered a great difficulty. Few voices can rise or fall, without some intermediate gradation, to the quarter tone of a distant note. One of the most scientific musicians in England told me, that he thought it doubtful whether any performer could sound, at once distinctly and rapidly, two consecutive tetrachords in the enharmonic scale.

But, however great the difficulty was, the Greeks subdued it, as the quarter note regularly occurs in their scale. This it is extremely difficult to comprehend ; and it has been found impossible to adapt a frequency of quarter tones for any practical purpose. The work in which the Greek system of music appears to be best explained, is a paper of Sir George Shuckburgh, (No. 441), in the "Philosophical Transactions." But, without intense study, it is impossible to comprehend it. A few months before he died, Doctor Burney mentioned to me, that "he himself never understood the Greek music, or found any one that did."

The Romans adopted from the Greeks the diatonic scale ; and, partially at least, the chromatic scale : but they rejected altogether the enharmonic scale ; and many of the subdivisions of the two other scales.

All modern music is in the diatonic scale, with the occasional admixture of the chromatic semi-tone, and the enharmonic quarter tone ; the last, however, is very seldom introduced. One is naturally led to suppose, that the Grecian music admitted a similar admixture ; but it seems to be agreed, that their airs were either altogether in the diatonic, the chromatic, or the enharmonic scale. To every modern ear, this must appear impossible.

The general imperfection of keyed instruments has made some professors think that persons, whose singing it is intended to carry to the utmost perfection of which it is susceptible, should

be taught by a violin, and not by a forte piano. Mara, it is said, was instructed in this manner. It is to be observed, that the only keyed instrument which expresses a quarter tone is the *da-vichord*, an instrument scarcely known in this country; but frequently found on the tables of foreign professors, and in the cells of nuns. They are very portable, and do not disturb the inmates of the adjoining apartments.

Few things show more than the *gammut* how greatly art enters into combinations, apparently natural. Most persons, who have not attentively considered the subject, suppose that the *gammut* consists of sounds naturally of the power, and naturally rising and falling in the order, in which they now stand; so that a child, as soon as his voice is formed, would, of himself, and without the least tuition, sing the *gammut* both in the ascending and descending series, and make the lowest note of the octave, or what is the same, the lowest note of the *tetrachord*, if he sung in the descending series, and the highest of either, if he sung in the ascending series, its ultimate or final note. But, to form the *gammut*, great mathematical research and many experiments were necessary. It was not till the ninth century, that the *hexachord* was raised to a *septenary*, and it was not till the seventeenth that the seventh note received an appropriate name. The former was preceded by the discovery of notation and of the staff or stave.

It has been observed that the Romans rejected entirely the *en-harmonic scale*, and many of the Grecian subdivisions of the *diatonic* and *chromatic scales*. This reduced their notation, comparatively speaking, to a very small number of notes. They are supposed to have been limited to fifteen. Pope Gregory the Great reduced them to the seven first letters of the alphabet. The sounds in the gravest or lowest octave, he expressed by the capital letters, A. B. C. D. E. F. G.: the sounds in the octave, next above it, he expressed by the minuscules, a. b. c. d. e. f. g.; the sounds in the octave above this, he expressed by double minuscules, aa. bb. cc. dd. ee. ff. gg.

The letters of Pope Gregory were afterwards abandoned for notes or points.

The Flemish school of music occupies, in point of time, an intermediate æra between the music of the middle ages and modern music. The wars between the Guelphs and Ghibellins, and the irruptions of the French into Italy, drove many musicians of distinction into the low countries. At this time, these were in the height of their prosperity. The wealth and splendour of

their commercial towns placed the Dukes of Burgundy, their sovereigns, on a level with the greatest monarchs, and enabled their principal merchants to display such magnificence in their dress, their buildings, and their mode of living, as excited the envy of the noblest princes of Europe. In 1301, when Joanna of Navarre, the wife of Philip le Bel, the King of France, was at Bruges, she was so much struck with its grandeur and wealth, and particularly with the splendid appearance of the wives of the citizens, that she was moved, by female envy, to cry out with indignation, "I thought that I had been the only queen here, but I find that there are many hundreds more."

To this scene of magnificence and gaiety, the fugitive musicians of Italy repaired, and founded a school of music, which for half a century gave law to Europe. Their pre-eminence is noticed by Guiccardini, in his "Account of the Low Countries." Its style of music may be termed the florid counterpoint. It partook much of the ancient counterpoint; but was more scientific, more varied, and more extensive. Neither the notes of the different parts, nor the syllables, nor even the words, were, as in that music, kept in strict opposition to each other; divisions on a single syllable and occasional pauses were admitted, the texture of the parts was more simple, there was more air, and the whole proceeded with more rapidity. At the head of the contrapuntists of this school was John de Muris. It may be added for the honour of the harmony of our island, that there is some reason to contend that he was of English birth. But, as a composer, he appears to have been excelled by Josquin de Prés.

Soon after the revival of letters, counterpoint found its way into Italy. Under the hands of the immortal Palestrina, it became grand, simple, and elegant. To this moment, there are no compositions for the church at once so fine and so proper. This style of music attained its perfections under Luca di Marenzio. One of the greatest pleasures which a person who has real taste for harmony, and is skilled in it, can receive, is to hear the madrigals of Marenzio and of some of his contemporaries well executed. Through the favour of the late Doctor Bever, of the College of Advocates, this felicity was enjoyed by the writer.

I come now to the Italian school of music. Beautiful as the florid counterpoint, under the hands of the great masters whom we have mentioned, most certainly was, still it constantly laboured under this great imperfection, that, in all such compositions, the melody was altogether overpowered by the harmony, so that it was calculated to satisfy the eye more than to please the ear.

From this state of thralldom melody was emancipated by Leo, Scarlatti, Durante, Steffani, Clari, and Marcello. Allowing to harmony its due measure of importance, they assigned to melody its just pre-eminence. With these composers began the golden age of music. Several duets and fuller pieces of Steffani have come in my way; the published madrigals of Clari, the psalms of Marcello, are familiar to me; but the duets of Durante—there are not in music more highly finished compositions. The late Miss Seward used to say, that if she wished to put a young man's taste for poetry to trial, she would place in his hands the *Lycidas* of Milton—(would not his *Comus* be a more proper work?)—and ask him his opinion of it. To put the taste of a young person for music to trial, he should hear the duets of Durante. If he be not pleased, or even if he do not feel something more than pleasure, when he hears them, he may make a respectable amateur; but it will be quite clear that he has no real soul for music. It has seldom happened to me to mention the name of Durante to an Italian professor of decided eminence, whose eyes have not glistened with admiration and delight at hearing it. Sacchini has been seen to kneel, and kiss with reverence the wonderful volume. To Durante, Steffani is second, but is not his rival. Queen Charlotte, while she cultivated music, was very partial to Steffani, and took great pains to procure his works. Her majesty was supposed to have the best collection of them in existence. It is much to be lamented that the compositions of Durante and Steffani are not more generally known.

The year 1597 is generally assigned for the commencement of the opera. The invention of recitative, or simple musical tones raised above speech, yet below singing, preceded it by a century. It is ascribed to Pulci; it is said, that, in this kind of simple melody, he sung, after the manner of the antient rhapsodists, his "*Morgante Maggiore*," in 1450, at the table of Lorenzo di Medici. About one hundred and fifty years after this time, some Florentine noblemen employed two of their countrymen to write and set to music, a drama of *Orpheo*, performed in 1597. It was a perfect opera, the dialogue being musically recited, the airs sung, the actors dressed in character—and accompanying both their recitatives and their airs with theatric action. But the instrumental accompaniment was not very considerable. We know, that, in another opera, composed about this time, the accompaniment consisted of a harpsichord, played behind the scenes, a large guitar, a large lute, and a viol de gamba. Dancing, which has now acquired so much importance in musical representations,

obtained a place in the musical drama by slow degrees. It seems to have obtained a complete ascendancy in 1781, when, *horresco referens*, the house chatted while Paccherotti sung; and was perfectly silent when Vestris danced.

To obtain a general view of the music of Italy, it may be proper to follow its geographical division into its higher, central, and lower regions. The first includes the Venetian and Lombard schools; the second those of Rome and Bologna; the third includes the Neapolitan. The first is said to be distinguished by energy; the second by science, purity, and simple dignity; the third by vivacity and expression. Much of this may be thought imaginary. Generally speaking, the music of Italy may be said to have been first expanded into grandeur and copiousness by Vinci and Pergolesi, and to have reached its summit under Jomelli. Since that time, the Italian school has never been without most respectable composers; but they have been rather pleasing than imposing. For elegance and fancy they may be justly mentioned in the highest terms of eulogy, but the praise of sublimity or pathos they have seldom merited.

Till Haydn and Mozart appeared, Hasse was certainly the first of German composers. He chose Vinci and the other early Italian masters for his models. In elegance, simplicity, and grandeur he equalled them, and excelled them in grace and effect. But his character is better known in this country than his compositions. Considering his acknowledged reputation, and that the style of his music is particularly adapted to the taste of an English audience, it is surprising that we should know so little of his musical compositions.

Haydn, and, till lately, Mozart, were principally known to us by their instrumental music. The full pieces of the former were thought to be unequalled, till Beethoven attracted the public attention. On account of its greater simplicity, colloquial cast, good nature, and incessant epigram, the music of Haydn will always be more popular; but, in the opinion of some judges, Beethoven is more sublime. Some assert, at least plausibly, that the public ear is not yet sufficiently informed to appreciate his music; but that the time will come, when he will be thought at least equal to Haydn and Mozart. His oratorio of "Christ on the Mountain of Olives" is a work of extraordinary pathos, and abounds with terrible beauties.

It may be observed that both Haydn and Mozart wrote for instruments rather than the voice. The consequence is, that the melody seldom continues long in one part, but is distributed

through all the parts, so that it cannot be seized by unlearned hearers; or even by the learned, unless they are accustomed to the symphonious arrangement of melody. In the celebrated "Don Giovanni" of Mozart, this is very observable. It may, therefore, be thought to admit of doubt, whether there were not as much of fashion as feeling, in the loud and long-continued applause which was bestowed on that elegant, fanciful, sublime, but very scientific composition.

Most sincerely subscribing to the anathema which Rousseau has pronounced against French music, and to which all Europe, except France herself, has assented by acclamation, you will not be troubled with any account of it in these lines.

The venerable Bede informs us, that when St. Austin and the companions of his mission had their first audience of King Ethelbert in the isle of Thanet, they approached him in procession, singing litanies; and that afterwards, when they entered Canterbury, they sung a litany, and at the end of it, Allelujah; but he remarks that our ancestors had been previously instructed in the rites and ceremonies of the Gallican church by St. Germanus, and heard him sing Allelujah, many years before the arrival of St. Austin. He mentions two professors sent from Rome into England to teach music to our Saxon ancestors: he himself was an able musician. A treatise, "*De Musica Theoretica, Practica et Mensurata*," has been ascribed to him.

From this early time to the present, music always flourished in England; her contrapuntists resembled and rivalled those of the Flemish school. Henry VIII. was a judge of music, and is thought to have been a composer. His reign was illustrated by several contrapuntists of great eminence, particularly Tallis and Byrd. Both were Roman Catholics, but are supposed to have accommodated themselves to the changes which, in those times, successively took place in the national religion. They obtained from Queen Elizabeth a patent for the sole printing of music, and music paper.

Luther was favourable to music: his hymn against the Turks and pope, and the music to which he set it, are generally known. He composed several other hymns; his catechism, and even the confession of Augsburg, were put into verse and set to music. Calvin was an enemy to music. Simple, unadorned psalmody, he allowed; but no musical instrument was suffered within the walls of Geneva for more than a hundred years after the reformation. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the choral music of the cathedral service was cultivated with great success. The names of

Dr. Bull, the first Gresham professor of music, and of Thomas Morley, his disciple, one of the gentlemen of the chapel of Queen Elizabeth, are still remembered with respect. The profound skill of the former in harmony was known on the continent. Whilst he was on his travels he met, at St. Omers, with a French musician, who had composed a piece of music in forty parts, and defied the whole world to correct or add to it. Dr. Bull, in two hours, added forty other parts to it. "The Frenchman," says Antony Wood, who relates this story, "burst into great ecstasy, and swore that he who added those forty parts must be the devil or Dr. Bull."

Music was proscribed by the Puritans. The organ and the surplice they held in equal horror. At the restoration music regained her honours. Orlando Gibbons belongs to the reign of Charles I.; Matthew Lock, to that of Charles II. He composed the music for the restoration; his music for the tragedy of "Macbeth," is still heard with delight. He was organist to Catherine, the queen consort of Charles II.

The immortal Purcell is the glory of the English school of music. That "worth and skill," which, to use Milton's energetic phrase in his sonnet to Henry Lawes, "exempts the man of genius from the throng," few composers have possessed in a higher degree. Most Englishmen, though with some hesitation, will allow Purcell's inferiority to Handel; but few will acknowledge his inferiority to any other composer. On the other hand, few foreigners feel Purcell's merit. If he had lived half a century later, he would have become acquainted with the Italian compositions, of the school of Vinci, and witnessed the powers, and perceived the capabilities, of instrumental music. Had this happened, he would, in all probability, have been more elegant, more sublime, and more impassioned; but he would have been less English. This addition, therefore, to his glory, an Englishman can scarcely wish him to have possessed. Such as he was, his compositions show how far, without resorting to continental aid, the passion and the expression of English words, and English feelings, can be expressed by English music. For, with all their beauty, their contrivance, and their strength, Purcell's compositions have the true raciness of the English soil.

In this respect he has been without a successor. We must, however, observe, that two kinds of composition have, for nearly a century, been peculiar to this country: the anthem and the serious glee. The English anthem partakes of the nature of the motett of the Flemish school; but it is a considerable improve-

ment on the motett, as it possesses all its harmony and tenfold its elegance, pathos, and variety. Several anthems of Purcell, of Dr. Blow, of Dr. Croft, Dr. Green, and Dr. Boyce, are excellent. The anthem of Dr. Croft, "O Lord thou hast searched me out and proved me," which was performed on the late king's recovery from his former malady, is entitled to particular praise. One of the greatest treats which a lover of real music can receive, is to hear some of these anthems well performed; but this seldom happens.

Laissons à des chantres gagés le soin de louer Dieu,

was certainly a practice much too frequent on the continent; unfortunately, it is in England equally common. Wherever it prevails, it is a crying abuse, and loudly calls on the hierarchy of the country for redress. The musical compositions of foreign growth, which the English anthem most resembles, are the psalms of Marcello. The late Mr. Avison placed these on a level with the oratorios of Handel: this was absurd; but they certainly possess a high degree of excellence.

English serious glees have long filled a large space in the musical school of England. Several rival the best Italian madrigals; in some of Stafford Smyth's, Dr. Cooke's, and Mr. Webbe's (a younger writer would mention living authors,) the higher chords are certainly sounded. The glee of Lord Mornington, "Return, my lovely maid, return," is one of the most elegant compositions that has come from a British pen.

But, if favourable reception, and long and unvarying patronage of a composer, continued and almost exclusive admiration of his works, veneration of his name, and eminent honours rendered to his memory, entitle a nation to claim a musician, not born within her territory, for a countryman, England may boast, in Handel, and in his works, and in their general diffusion, of a school that yields to none. His genius beams with particular splendour in his oratorios, the music of which he carried to the highest degree of perfection. Never did a character given of one person apply to another better than does the character given by Dr. Johnson of Milton apply to Handel. The doctor said of Milton, that "the characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace, but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please, when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish. He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was

that nature bestowed on him, more bountifully than upon others; the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful." Such is Handel—such is his Messiah.

Something of a revolution in the musical taste of this country was effected, in the course of the last reign, by the queen's introducing into it several German performers of eminence. Unfortunately, however, it was not the music of the high German school of Hasse, and the elder Bachs; it was the light, elegant, and chaste, but generally unimpassioned, school of John Christian Bach. A more elevated rank among musicians, than that which Goldsmith holds among poets, should not be assigned to him; and perhaps he should be rather classed with Shenstone—never offending against taste, always possessing sprightliness and grace, but seldom exhibiting a ray of genius. His finest performance is the "*Chiari fonti*," in *Orpheo*. A further revolution was effected by Clementi's most scientific, but most classic performance on the forte piano;—equalled, but not surpassed, by Cramer, his excellent and unrivalled scholar.

In the execution of the easy, the difficult, the fantastic, the elegant, and the sublime, both were supremely great; and when Cramer performed his own adagios, "*Venus*," to use the words of Horace, "imbued them with the fifth part of her own nectar." Still the aspirant to perfect performances on a keyed instrument, should give days and nights to the practice of the lessons of Scarlotti and the elder Bachs. In music, the great difficulty is to render common passages, in a finished manner, not to achieve impossibilities. Catalani never sung without a thunder of applause; Grassini, with her three notes, entranced every hearer. What a degree of excellence, on a keyed instrument, an amateur can attain, few who have not heard the finished performance of Miss Hulmandell can imagine.

From the time of which we are now speaking, excellence on the forte piano appears to have been the great object of female education. Yet, though so much of their time is given by the sex to music, how seldom is a finished performer to be heard? To what is this owing? May it not be that a desire to excel is often mistaken for genius? "Young artist," says Rousseau, "inquire not what is genius. Do you possess it? you feel it. Do you not possess it? you will never know what it is. But do you wish to ascertain whether genius has smiled upon you? Run to Naples! Listen to the master-pieces of Durante, of Jomelli, of Pergolesi.

If, while you hear them, your eyes fill with tears, you feel your heart beat, you shiver, you are suffocated with a transport of delight, take Metastasio, and compose. His genius will animate your own. Like him, you will create. But if, while you listen to these great masters, you remain tranquil, you feel no transport, if you find them merely pretty—dare not ask what is genius. Vulgar man, profane not that sublime word. What will it avail you to know what genius is? You will never feel it. Go, compose French music.” In this there is exaggeration, but there is truth. Let any one who lives on terms of intimacy with a professor of real merit, ask of him confidentially his genuine sentiments of the real taste for music in this country; he will answer, that it has seldom occurred to him, to find, in a large boarding school, two who had a real ear for music.

After all, supposing this high degree of musical excellence attainable, should a young lady, should her parents, desire that she should be stared at by all eyes, and fatigue most ears? Yet this is generally the case at every musical “at home” which aspires to a concert.

This observation, however, does not apply to the cultivation of the art, or the practice of it, with moderation—where the performer aims at no more than to sing a simple melody, in time and tune, and to obtain a general knowledge of harmony. When these are acquired, when the words of the song are well chosen, and sung with decent feeling; and the songster, though pleased to give her friends around her pleasure, evidently retires from the observing eye—it is one of the highest gratifications which it is given to mortals to receive. Perhaps an Italian hypercritic would deny it to be music—in fact it is something better. Virtue and pleasure alternately smile—

“ There, too, does Hymen oft appear,
In saffron robe, with taper clear.”

But beyond this, unless where the performer is perfect, and the audience select, all is distraction, impatience, and it rains ennui.

The subject seems to require some mention of our national melodies. Most beautiful are Scottish melodies, sung in their original purity by Scottish ladies. But French music, sung by a Frenchman, is scarcely more unpleasing, than a Scottish air sung with English embroidery. Several English ballads are highly pleasing. They are always deformed by florid song, and lose all their effect when harmonized.

The music of the Irish is remarkably pathetic. It is said that a celebrated Italian, after listening to some of their airs, suddenly

exclaimed, "that must be the music of a people who have lost their freedom."

Such is the history of music: if my readers are not tired with my details, I shall, by-and-bye, have a few words to say on our church music. B.

THE DESERTED HALL.

A FRAGMENT.

I RETURNED to the hall of my fathers,
 And found none living there—
 "Ah, where," I cried, "are they vanished?"
 And Echo answered "where?"
 Each loved one's name to give me back
 The walls had not forgot;
 But each, but all I summoned,
 That summons answered not!
 I sped to the greenwood covert,
 At the earliest blush of morn;
 I saw no gallant company,
 I heard no hunting horn.
 Almost their wonted fleetness
 The wild deer had forgot,
 For they that should have led the chase,
 Ah, well-a-day, were not!
 With heart and foot that trembled,
 I sought the chapel's gloom—
 The names I had lisped in childhood
 Were graved on many a tomb!
 I had roved afar in distant lands,
 And wrestled with my lot—
 Returned at length to my father's hall,
 When all I loved were not!

CHARLES M.

FLOWERS.

And though we love the rich perfume,
 We love the fragile blossom too.—A. F.

How beautiful, how beautiful, each summer flower seems,
 As if it were transplanted from the land of blissful dreams
 That hover round the lover's heart, when to the lyre he sings,
 And blends the tone of feeling with the music of its strings!
 And they are emblems of the joys that light the youthful breast,
 And they are emblems of the hopes that lull the soul to rest;
 They blossom bright at morning time, and breathe a soft perfume,
 And evening comes, and where are they, but withered in the tomb?
 And yet we love and cherish them, and yet we call them dear,
 And culture them, and tend them with more than maternal care,
 Although they whisper in our ears this bitter, bitter thought,
 All things, though beautiful they be, must to the grave be brought!

JAMES KNOX.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. 1.

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

She shared his love, ere low he fell,
 Ere crime and anguish wrung his brow;
 And, though his fallen state too well
 She knows, shall she desert him now?—*Original Poem.*

“CATHARINE, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on penalty of paying my life a forfeit to my disobedience, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune.

Dark is my doom, and from thee I'll sever,
 Whom I have loved alone.
 'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever
 With sorrows like my own!

Here, safe in the protection of thy friends, shalt thou remain. If but success await my exertions, I will, ere long, return to place upon thy brow, my own beloved, the coronet of England. If not, it will be thy task to forget him whose selfish ambition has wedded thee to calamity.”

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

“And shall Huntly's daughter,” replied the lady, “thus consent to desert her husband? Shall she remain in careless ease, whilst he, her bosom's lord, is wrestling with the difficulties of his wayward lot? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendour, let me participate in your reverses. If it please heaven to crown your rightful cause, and place you on the throne of your fathers, with what justice shall I share with you that exalted seat, if now I shrink from the task imposed on me? Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!”

“Noble minded woman!—but it must not be!” ejaculated the youth.

“Catharine!—for I dare not longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband! Thou deemest me the rightful heir

to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor ! I won thy love by a lie : the dupe of my own designing, I almost deemed myself the royal youth whose person and title I had subsequently arrogated ; and thus, ambitiously aspiring to the love of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonour. Yet oh, forgive me, and do not execrate my fatally wild ambition !”

“ Oh, Richard ! was this deception generous ? yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride ! My husband, avert not from me thus thy tearful eyes—whoe'er thou art, thou hast been to me all tenderness ; it will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gallant train, thou stood'st unmatch'd, 'twas not the splendour of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine.

‘ 'Twas na thy glittering coronet,
'Twas na thy princely star,
Nor thy forbears 'mang heroes set,
And famed in lands afar.’

“ Yes, then, my husband, I loved thee, as now I love thee, for thyself alone ! Let us, then, fly these shores ; desist from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy.”

“ Alas ! my beloved, it is impossible : bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace remains to me ; leave me to my woes, leave me to my dishonour ; why, why should both be wretched ?”

As the unhappy speaker concluded, he folded in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavoured to subdue her determination to share his fortunes. The reader will ere this have discovered, in the husband of the Lady Catharine, the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII. had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who, with his brother, was said to have been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

“ The bloody and devouring boar.”

Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure, however, of his endeavours to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents,

he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valour, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions. He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly. Between the "White Rose of Scotland," for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her, and the adventurer, an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

As our brief sketch will be in strict conformity with historical fact, we have endeavoured to avoid all appearance of mystery, and have, therefore, thought these few observations requisite. The friendship and support of James were, however, of short duration. Having entered Northumberland with an army, and finding the people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish King gave up the cause as hopeless.

* * * * *

The sun was attaining to his meridian height, when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders. Few were the companions of their exile; almost unattended, they left those shores where, but a few months before, they had plighted their troth, surrounded by the fair and noble of the land.

Willing to spare himself the splendid misery of witnessing the embarkation of his gallant band of followers, Warbeck departed privately, leaving orders for his troops, in number about fifteen hundred, to follow him. * * * * *

"Bless thee, leddie! bestow a bawbee in charity on puir auld witless Mansie." Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach. She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating, "Mony thanks, leddie. Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee ower the wide saut wave—but," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catharine, "muckle fear hae I, ye need na wish a speedy voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart; better a pillow on the faeming brine, than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, leddie, dinna ask—gin ye kent a'—gin ye speered wi'

auld Mansie's een, ye wad na leave the land o' yer forbears, to
rame mang ruthless faes, a lanely exile—fareweel, fareweel, leddie,
dinna forget the warnin o' auld Mansie !”

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who,
with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to
the vessel, which was about to waft her for ever from her native
land. As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's dis-
cordant voice was heard chaunting the following song :—

“ The white rose has bloom'd
Thro' a brief simmer day,
Yet the white rose is doom'd
To a rapid decay.

The fausse ane that tore
It in sorrow awa'
Winna live to deplore
That premature fa'.

Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness awhile,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

Farewell ! oh farewell !
Mid the tempest that blows
In my ear rings the knell
O' Scotland's ' White Rose.'

Swift to bear thee awa'
Round thee hoarse billows swell—
Ance again, an' for aye
Rose o' Scotland, farewell ”

As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of the terror-
smitten Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with
eyes tearless from agony, perceived the shores of her native land
receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all
English rebels had been excluded from the low countries. Per-
kin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and
might, therefore, have claimed admission into Flanders ; but, as
he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave compa-
nions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception
from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable foot-
ing with the English court, he resolved not to hazard the experi-
ment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in
insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a
detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in
Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself,

for the first time, the title of Richard IV. King of England. It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy. This was a fatal blow to the adventurer. In all his wanderings she had shared his fortunes ; with all his faults, he had still adored his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "white rose."

" His brow was wrung with care—
His heart by crime and pride
Was sear'd ; yet love still flourish'd there,
Where all was waste beside."

We shall not depict the humiliating scenes of his surrender to King Henry, of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation.

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty, dawned heavily and slowly. At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands. A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the culprit and his confessor were placed.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment, "Yonder is the throne to which ambition has exalted me!"—The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts every thing that might distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding, that though disappointed of an earthly throne, the present place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one. "Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree : and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the blest assurance." He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.

"Is not then your master yet content?" said he ; adding, "but I consent, and thus proclaim my infamy." Urged on by restless ambition, but more the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim.

"Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness, that had I not been bound by oath, I had long discontinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Catharine ! how does my heart bleed at thought of her : she long, long

entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast. What woe has that unhappy, that ill-requited confidence brought on her; how have I been a rankling thorn, a canker, to that lovely flower! She loved me, she wed me, she clung to my misfortunes, she joyed, in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish: oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master; Heaven's curse light on him, if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview; but my heart now tells me he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more: I have done with earth, I have done with Catharine!"

He knelt, and, crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! spare him a little longer—tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, 'tis too late!" replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" cried Catharine, "it is never too late for mercy; take him back to his dungeon, respite him but a few hours, I will again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives!"

Nature could no more; she sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past!" ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation. Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot—what she saw may be conceived from the sequel. "The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked. They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

CHARLES M.

WANDERINGS IN FRANCE.—NO. I.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

AMONG the few acquaintance I have made in France, now, for various reasons, become my adopted country, is a worthy country curate: he is one of those men who scrupulously performs the duties of his religion, but in that sense which shows that his sanctity has for its basis a feeling heart, and a mind elevated above this earth. With dogmatic reasoning he is seldom occupied: he does not seek to terrify his flock by the frightful images of misfortune, often confided to his zeal, but he accustoms them to the love of order and virtue, while he makes them taste the happiness attached to such principles; he instructs them by the example he sets them, governs them by the authority of his moral conduct, which is mild and indulgent, and never addresses to them any other sentences than what contain words of comfort and happiness. His presbytery is the general rendezvous of every sufferer, the storehouse of those who want bread, and a shelter to those who have no asylum; he is the father, the friend, and the benefactor of the parish, and no one quitted him without having received from him good advice and useful example.

It is now about two years since I visited this parish, situated in the south of France, in a province not very rich, and wherein industry has not yet produced wealth, but where the inhabitants have yet preserved all the purity and simplicity of the good old times. I saw this good curate for the first time, and it is impossible for me to express the pleasure it afforded me.

He has never been out of his province, he has never meddled in any political troubles, and yet he has always known a king; why should that be matter of astonishment? Are we not at that era when crowns have been placed on every head?

This king, of whom the remembrance has been preserved, although he was the sole architect of his destiny, was not then a stable-boy, but employed in the house of his father, a country inn-keeper; he was of an impetuous and valiant mind, approaching to chivalric ardour; he made his fortune in the army; and a close alliance with the first of all the upstarts which wore the purple made his royal fortune; he was seated on a throne, soon fell from its giddy height, and finished by dying like a marauder and deserter, during the war.

He was very unlikely ever to ascend a throne when our old curate first knew him. He had then one of those commercial establishments, which always follows the vender wherever he

goes: he was, in fact, a pedler. One day, the curate, then young and gallant, sought him out, and bought of him a handkerchief which he wished to give to a young maiden of the village; for in villages, as in great cities, love is always escorted by luxury, and is pleased in embellishing its object. The pedler sold the handkerchief, but very dear, and boasted much of its good qualities and beauty. But, oh! the perfidy sometimes attached to trade! The colours would not stand, and the first time that the handkerchief was dipped in water, this rich article, an imitation of those from India, appeared no better than a coarse shaving cloth. They endeavoured to oblige the vender to take it back, he cried out against that, and no threats could make him consent to so just a restitution.

Some years after, the place resounded with the arrival of an illustrious warrior. General Murat went to pay a visit to his native country; he found out the young man who had purchased the handkerchief; as soon as he saw him he began to laugh; "Do you recollect," said he, "the trick that was once played you by a pedler?"

This pedler was now General Murat, and afterwards acknowledged by the title of Joachim, King of Naples; the old curate related to me the above anecdotes, which he seemed delighted to recollect as the happy days of his youth. The two following anecdotes of that extraordinary man we believe, also, are not generally known, and for which I am indebted to the venerable priest.

Murat's first care on arriving at his native province was to go and see his family: he found out his good sister, whom he had always regarded with the tenderest affection. He experienced a happiness without alloy in seeing once more all who had formerly been dear to him. As he was walking with her in the chief street of the village, he perceived that they were followed by a man very shabbily clothed; his face was dirty, and his whole appearance miserable: "Who is that fellow that seems watching us?" said he to his sister.—"Alas! it is my son-in-law: we were very poor, he offered to marry your niece, and it was fortunate for us."—"Very well," said Murat, and approaching this unknown relative, he behaved to him with the kindest benevolence, and dissipated by his cordial reception the distress which the poor fellow found in seeing himself, by his situation in life, so distant from the man to whom he was so nearly allied.

He then went to Cahors: his entry there was to be triumphant. All military parade was put in requisition, all the authorities of the town were assembled at the gates to form a procession; he

entered the town with every military honour. He traversed the principal street, when a man, whose arms were bare and his face covered with the smoke of the forge, rushed out of a blacksmith's shop, and advanced towards the general. He gave a shout, leaped on his neck, and, taking him by the arm, continued his march with this new companion. It was one of his old play-mates, one of those friends which are only found in early youth. S.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

ADIEU, adieu, my ladye love !
Thy knight from thee must go—
The trumpet's blast now shrilly sounds
That summons to the foe.
My bosom echoes to the tone,
And makes the stirring strain its own.

Thine eye's bright smile will beam on me—
Thy song will glad no more ;
For mine the shock of charging foes,
And mine the battle's roar.
On hostile brows my gaze will be,
The foeman's groan my melody !

I've hung my lute within thy bower,
That oft hath heard its strain,
And many a perilous hour will pass,
Ere it shall wake again.
Full many an hour of strife to me,
Of lonely grief, beloved, to thee !—

And if thy knight in battle fall,
That lute shall speak no more,
Save to the night wind's hollow blast,
Its lone chords wandering o'er,
In one wild, deep, unearthly tone,
That tells of blighted hearts alone !

But if again thy bower I seek,
'Twill be with victor-pride,
To lay my laurels at thy feet,
And claim my promised bride.
To wake my lute, and loud and high
Swell the song of victory !

CHARLES M.

THE MISERIES OF A VOCALIST.

Oh ! little they think, while they list to her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.—*Moore.*

THE loudest expression of joy, Mr. Editor, is not inconsistent with an utter sickness of the heart ; and a gay appearance is too often but the disguise which covers a sad accumulation of sorrow. These truths have been verified by my own brief experience. The liveliest notes have flowed from my lips at the moment when my bosom was heaving with anguish, and the plaudits of an indulgent audience have served only to convince me that my wretchedness is without remedy. In the hope of finding relief in the sympathy of others, I have undertaken the simple story of my wrongs, and though my lot may be somewhat peculiar, perhaps it may not be altogether uninteresting. It is but a miserable world : we envy others those endowments which are too often accompanied by a load of private suffering and bitter associations.

My father was one of those men always common in the metropolis ; diligence and prudence secured him an ample fortune, but as his years declined, that grasp, which originally held firm what it had once acquired, was relaxed, and his wealth, by little and little, slipped through his fingers. He trusted, and was deceived ; he built houses on doubtful property, and the expenses of a suit in Chancery, which may be decided in the next century, reduced his means to one hundred a year. My mother's economy makes this trifling annuity do wonders ; but, alas ! she has six daughters, and all unmarried ! I am the youngest of these ; and each of my sisters, I have no doubt, could narrate a story sufficiently instructive. Their education qualified them for imparting knowledge to others, and the difficulties of procuring and retaining situations have occupied our fireside councils for many a long winter's evening. The misery of dependence has been frequently canvassed in our little parlour with an acuteness which had its origin in a sad experience. My mother usually performs the part of president, and her anxieties and solicitude for our welfare are evinced in the prudent manner in which she moderates desire and excites hope. The future to her is always full of atonement for the past, and though a dozen years might have shown her the fallacy of her fond expectations, she still persists in anticipating for one and all of us wealthy husbands, and—a coach. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb ; and perhaps it is as well that my mother is inaccessible to despair.

In my younger days I acquired a tone of melancholy, from the little details of my sisters' grievances, and my "sweet voice" had

no sooner given indications of compass and power, than I was kindly oppressed with congratulations that a destiny awaited me more fortunate than that which falls to the lot of the unhappy governess. It was supposed that I had escaped the caprice of fashionable mothers, and the irksome toil of endeavouring to teach those who will not be permitted to learn.

Friends were soon invited to hear me sing, and their commendations encouraged me to venture on a display before casual visitors. Their decision sanctioned the opinion of my relatives: masters were employed, and their eulogies convinced my mother that our evil days had drawn to a conclusion: her active fancy was quickly abroad: a Catalani was born in the family, and why should not that wealth which rewarded the vocal powers of a Stephens and a Paton be poured into my lap by some enterprising manager, who, like the unwashed artificers of Spitalfields, are always on the look-out for singing birds! Already had she calculated the remuneration of the first successful season, and counted, with pain, the years still necessary to elapse before I could make my debut. In these fond imaginings, hours, days, and months were spent; the anticipated fortune of professional skill reconciled us to our scanty meal, and we were content to endure winter's cold by thinking on the summer's heat.

These wild speculations, I confess, made my head giddy: my childish ideas were inflamed by the pictures of future grandeur which my sisters were perpetually drawing; and I even then began to fancy the pleasure of enraptured theatres—the mingled cheers of boxes, pit, and gallery, and that loud applause which terminates in a repetition of the last popular song. I dreamt of being led on by Kean or Kemble, and never thought of the envy which such success must have necessarily dragged along with it.

The extravagance of my ideas was soon corrected by my music master. Vocal fame was to be acquired only by a process of fatiguing exertions, and though at first I submitted willingly to the drudgery of learning, “sweet sounds” soon palled upon the ear; and the piano every morning when I arose, the piano when I had finished my breakfast, the piano when I stood up from dinner, and the piano before and after tea, was, I am sure, quite enough to make a girl of twelve relinquish the distant hope of warbling on the boards of Drury Lane, rather than persevere in a course of study so monotonous and tiresome. I hated the sight of music, and sighed for the husky voice of Fanny, our “maid of all-work,” which never failed, when she attempted “Love’s Young Dream,” to expel a very intelligent pug dog from the kitchen.

Here then commenced my misery: the hopes of the family rested on me; how then could I disappoint the expectations of beings so kind and affectionate? Perseverance was a duty enjoined by the allegiance I owed my mother; and the prospect of a coach and a house in Burton Crescent were stimulants which powerfully aided the obligations of consanguinity. The old piano was therefore thumped hour after hour, and I was compelled to practise all those irksome arts known to those who are under the necessity of cultivating the volume of the voice. This, however, was not the most disagreeable part of my duty. My mother was vain of her daughter, and when any good-natured friend chanced to inquire about my progress, it was "Come, Maria, let Mrs. — hear you sing that Italian air which pleased Mr. — so much." I could not disobey, and, tired and vexed after a day of musical toil, I was obliged to exert myself once more for the gratification of ears which, in nine cases out of ten, would prefer the song of those syrens who delight the peripatetic world in our well-thronged streets. These incessant exercises tended to impair my health, and, to the horror of the whole family, an ancient maiden, who honoured us rather too frequently to tea, pronounced my shape deformed. Away went a pound out of my father's hundred, and a grave doctor declared that there was considerable apprehension of a high shoulder! Friends were deeply concerned. One twisted me to the right and then to the left, and swore the doctor was a fool; another gave me a different twist, and shook his head; and a third suggested in one breath half a dozen remedies for a supposed defect. A young doctor in want of practice undertook to cure me; my regimen was regulated by the "*Materia Medica*;" and, to strengthen the arms, I was, for an hour each day, put to drill by a Chelsea pensioner with one eye. My mistakes under his military tuition were amusing. When he pompously cried "Shoulder arms!" I fancied he alluded to my low shoulder, and accordingly raised that one by depressing the other. "Ground arms!" entirely puzzled me, but in time I understood these technicalities, and now fancy that I could manœuvre a dozen regiments in Hyde Park.

My high and low shoulder were productive of a world of anxiety; my mother feared such a deformity would blast her golden prospects, and that no audience would have gallantry enough to excuse the inequality of the eighth of an inch in a singer's shoulders! While we were all being oppressed with grief at the supposed want of vigour in my left side, fame attracted the notice of a distinguished vocalist belonging to Covent

Garden. He heard me sing, and offered to take me as an apprentice. My poor mother was overjoyed ; here was demonstrative proof of my abilities, and while her heart overflowed with gladness, she hinted at the defect in my shoulder. "Poh !" said my master, "that's nothing. Ladies are always made up on the stage."

Heaven had sent a comforter ! We looked at each other with delight, and my mother's eyes beamed with that fond enthusiasm which generally lights them up when something beneficial to the interests of her family presents itself. Our ideas of future greatness returned with increased vigour, and I was duly apprenticed, my father having passed bills at six, twelve, and eighteen months, for one hundred and fifty pounds, my master having consented to receive so small a premium, on condition of being permitted to avail himself of my talents for his individual advantage.

The profits of professional skill were now supposed almost within my grasp, and I studied the science in which I had hoped to excel with restless diligence. My proficiency was equal to my industry, and my master prepared to bring me speedily before the public. My want of nerve suggested the propriety of familiarising me with the business of the stage in some country theatre, before my appearance on the London boards. Brighton was therefore chosen, and the piece selected for my first appearance was the opera of the "Devil's Bridge." The timidity of an inexperienced, though ambitious, girl may be easily conceived ; and the sensations experienced on finding myself in the presence of the audience were none of the most agreeable. My eyes swam, and I know not what occurred for the first half hour. No doubt I drew largely on the indulgence of the house, and it was unusually kind. My youth and inexperience pleaded for my awkwardness ; but there is a limit to patience ; and I saw, through my confusion, evident proofs of the progress of ennui in the pit. This aroused me, consciousness of my own powers gave me confidence, and I was resolved to make an impression, just at that part where the heroine is borne in supported by her lover. Unluckily the actor who sustained this part, owing to a slight elevation in the stage, tripped, fell, and I rolled down to the foot-lights.

I shall never forget the horrors of that moment ! I wonder how I survived them ! What was death to me, however, was a source of merriment to the house ; it was convulsed with loud and long continued laughter, above the sound of which I heard the terrible words, "Off !" "Off !" A more experienced actress would have redeemed the accident, but I was overcome by mortification ; my

heart swelled with grief, my eyes filled with tears, and I hurried from the presence of those who had thoughtlessly inflicted on a timid girl something worse than death. I was conveyed to London that night in a state of utter insensibility. The sting of something more poignant than wounded pride had entered my soul; my laudable hopes had been blasted; and in my own disappointment a fond family read the annihilation of these extravagant expectations in which they had indulged.

A fit of illness was the consequence of my sensitiveness, and when I had recovered health my master had vanished. An act of bankruptcy—for he traded in music—had appropriated his property to his creditors, and America afforded him a retreat from the importunities of the commissioners. My father had to pay his three bills, and thus far my vocal powers had entailed only ruin on my family.

The elasticity of my mother's mind enabled her to arise first from the depressive influence of this new misfortune. She still spoke encouragingly, and even alluded to the house in Burton Crescent, her ambition not daring to venture farther west. Nothing, however, could persuade me to venture again upon the stage, and accordingly we looked out for a patron. It was agreed that, without one, success was impossible; Miss Stephens and Miss Paton had been indebted to noble hands for their introduction into the musical world, and, with similar assistance, how could I fail of success.

That which was so much desired was soon procured; and I was indebted to the negotiations of the "ancient maiden" for an invitation to the house of the duchess of ——— in St. James's-square. The young ladies, her daughters, received me with so much kindness that my diffidence quickly disappeared, and when called on to sing I felt no difficulty in putting forth all my science. My efforts were flatteringly applauded, and amongst those who were loudest in their expression of approbation was a distinguished lady, once an ornament of the drama, and now ennobled by a coronet. When I signified my wish to retire, the coach was summoned, and I drove home in a splendid vehicle ornamented with a ducal escutcheon.

Our sun had again risen; the night was spent in discussing our future prospects; and a doubt of success was no longer admissible. Night after night I was invited to the parties of the *haut ton*; and spent the day in giving instructions in singing to the noble daughters of the duchess of ———. Months were spent in the enjoyment of this profitless distinction; and when I hinted

at my dependent condition, I discovered that I was admitted to the honours of the fashionable parties for the sole purpose of amusing the company. Remuneration was out of the question, and my patrons were hardly more munificent in their promises than in their gifts. They ceased to invite me when they learned that I wanted reward; and though the ladies —— were still kind, I had long since discovered that their misery differed from mine only in being more splendid.

The hopes in which we had long indulged now gradually disappeared; our desires grew more moderate, and I consented to tempt dramatic criticism by another effort before a public audience. I was this time successful; but the vocal stars were so numerous and so brilliant, that room was wanting for the display of talents even so feeble as mine. I had almost consented to undertake very subordinate parts in a country theatre, when Sir James D—— signified his intention of becoming something more tender than a patron of mine. My vocal talents had attracted his notice, for he is a musical amateur, and my person had, he says, gained his—love.

My mother heard the news with delight; again our star ascended, and she complimented herself on that prophetic spirit which had seen from my childhood the splendid destiny which awaited me. Sir James was admitted as a lover, and from that moment my misery has been complete: hitherto I had suffered all the evils which could affect a sensitive bosom, but all that I had endured is as nothing compared with the amount of the grievances since he promised to make me happy. But the history of his wooing must be reserved for another letter. MARIA.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE!

ONE hour with thee, when morn is blushing
 In new-born light and love,
 To trace the lawny grove,
 The dew-drops from the greensward brushing!
 For vain the light and loveliness
 Of morn would prove to me,
 Vain all its witching charms, unless
 I spend that hour with thee!
 One hour with thee, when evening closes,
 The azure heaven to view,
 Most like thine eyes of blue,
 That beams, deep wreathed with shad'wing roses!
 Yet would soft evening's tide possess
 No glad'ning charm to me,
 My love! my Marianne! unless
 I spend that hour with thee!

CHARLES M.

THE PRINCESS OF MADAGASCAR.

M. GRENVILLE DE FORVAL, descended from the illustrious French family of Grenville, was born upon the Island of Mauritius, or Bourbon. To an extremely handsome figure, he united a martial air and an approved courage; and he possessed the most noble and generous sentiments which can actuate the human mind.

The want of slaves in the French East India Colonies rendered expeditions necessary to procure them. Vessels, therefore, were frequently equipped for the coasts of Africa and Madagascar, and a certain body of troops were sent with them, to favour or support the objects of those voyages.

Forval was ordered to command a detachment on a service of this nature, on the coast of Madagascar; and being arrived on the eastern side of it, he disembarked his people, and encamped them on the small island of St. Mary, called by the natives Ibrahim, which is separated from the principal island only by a very narrow strait. Here communication took place between the persons engaged in this expedition, and one of the petty princes of Madagascar, relative to the objects of the voyage.

Forval was so entirely convinced of the good disposition of the people with whom he treated, that he yielded to the friendly solicitations of the king, to remain among them, and accordingly ordered some tents, and a small number of soldiers, to remove from the little island to the opposite coast. The king, who was called Adrian Baba, loaded him with caresses; and having shewn him his herd of cattle, demanded, in the pride of his heart, "whether the King of France was so great as he?"

Forval now considered himself in a state of perfect security, and having entered into his tent in order to pass the night, he received an unexpected visit from a very handsome woman, a native of the island, who, after a short compliment of apology for her intrusion, expressed her concern that so fine a white man as himself should be *massacred*.

Forval, who was astonished at the visit, could not help taking notice of the danger, which seemed to have led to it. The sooty lady, who appeared to interest herself so much in his welfare, was the daughter of the king, and known by the title of the Princess Betsy. On being questioned as to the cause of this visit, she asked him, in her turn, if he would wish to sacrifice her life to save his own? "By no means!" exclaimed Forval.

"Then," replied she, "I will inform you of a plot against your life, if you will promise to take me with you, and make me your

wife. I will sacrifice for you the throne of my father, which is my inheritance ; I will abandon my country, my friends, my customs, and that liberty which is so dear to me. My relations, who will consider me as dishonoured, will detest me ; and if you leave me to their vengeance I shall be reduced to slavery, which, to me, would be a thousand times worse than death. Promise to grant what I have demanded ; swear that your soldiers shall do no injury to my relations, and I will reveal what it is of the utmost importance for you to know !”

Forval immediately engaged to grant her request, if the intelligence she announced proved to be of the importance she had attached to it.

“ Well, then,” said she, “ at break of day my father will come here, under the pretext of a friendly visit, and if he *breaks a stick*, which he will hold in his hand, that will be the signal of thy death ; his guard will then enter with their hatchets, and will kill thee, and all thy people will be massacred with thee.”

Forval immediately conducted her to a place of safety. Nevertheless, he was determined to wait till the morning, in order to ascertain the truth of her information. The princess had also added that the signal the king would give for his attendants to *retire*, would be to *throw his hat* towards them.

He accordingly ordered his soldiers to remain under arms during the night, and to keep within their tents. As for himself, he got his arms in readiness ; placed a couple of pistols under the covering of his table, and dosed by the side of it, with his hand on the fire-arms.

At length the king arrived, and soon after, having broken his stick, the guard was advancing to the front of his tent ; but the king, terrified at the pistol which Forval held at his breast, cast his hat towards his attendants, who immediately departed. The small party of soldiers, which Forval had with him, were now drawn up in order of fighting.

All the negroes had in the mean time disappeared, and the king alone remained a prisoner ; nor was he enlarged until the princess was embarked with all the equipage. Forval felt himself happy in departing from this perfidious coast. Nor was he ungrateful ; he solemnly espoused the Princess Betsy, in spite of all the remonstrances of his friends, and he, for many years, lived happily with her. Her colour was certainly displeasing to the white people, and her education did not qualify her to be the companion of such a man as her husband ; but her figure was fine, her air

noble, and all her actions partook of the dignity of one who was born to command.

She was a real amazon, and the dress she chose was that which has since received a similar name. She never walked out but she was followed by a slave, and armed with a small fowling-piece, which she knew how to employ with great dexterity ; and would defend herself with courage, if attacked. She was nimble as a deer, though stately in her deportment ; but with her husband as gentle and submissive as the most affectionate of his slaves. She behaved to her inferiors with equal dignity and kindness, and she never went to the most distant part of the larger island, to pay visits to her family, but on foot ; she nevertheless adopted the elegancies of behaviour with great facility, and her society was very pleasant, and full of vivacity.

Some years after this marriage the Princess Betsy, for she was seldom called Madame de Forval, gave her husband a new proof of her affection. Her father dying, the kingdom descended to her ; and her people, who were ardently attached to the blood of their kings, anxiously wished to see her on the throne of her ancestors. As soon as she was informed of this event, she requested permission of her husband to visit her countrymen. Though such an unexpected request astonished Forval, he did not hesitate to comply with it ; and as she did not unfold the reason for such a desire on her part, he felt his pride mortified, though he kept his chagrin in his own bosom. The first sentiments of Forval, in regard to his princess, had been instigated by honour and gratitude ; but her demeanour towards him, her conduct towards others, and her personal charms, in which her colour was forgotten, had awakened in his heart the most faithful and tender affection.

The Queen Betsy, however, departed for her kingdom as soon as she had received the permission of her own sovereign ; while Forval was totally unable to reconcile the step she had taken to her former sentiments and past conduct. He accordingly waited with the utmost impatience for the return of the vessel which had taken her away, when, to his great astonishment, his faithful wife returned in it, with a hundred and fifty slaves, which she had brought him.

“ You had the generosity,” she cried, throwing herself into his arms, “ to marry me, in opposition to the wishes of your friends, and the prejudices of your country, when I had nothing to offer you but my person, whose charms, whatever they might have

been considered in my own country, were calculated to disgust, rather than to please you. You will therefore add another proof of your kindness, by assuring me of your pardon, for having raised a single doubt in your mind respecting the affection and duty you so entirely deserve from me ; but it was my wish to avoid informing you of the project I had conceived on my father's death, till it was executed. It was not the little kingdom which that event transferred to me, nor even the largest empire, that would separate me from you ; my sole design, in the step I have just taken, was to make you an offer of a small number of my subjects, which is the only part of my inheritance that I can bestow. I have, at the same time, complied with the wishes of my people, in resigning my little sovereignty to the most worthy of my relatives."

SCRAPS FROM HISTORY.—NO. 1.

MARGARET LAMBRUN.

THIS woman, a native of Scotland, had, together with her husband, a foreigner, been several years in the service of Mary Stuart. On the tragical end of that unfortunate princess, the husband, penetrated with a sense of her many favours, did not long survive the loss of such a bountiful mistress ; and Margaret, as an affectionate wife and servant, determined to revenge the untimely death of two persons so dear to her. Disguising herself in men's clothes, by the name of Anthony Sparkes, she repaired to Queen Elizabeth's court with two pistols about her, one to dispatch the royal victim, and the other designed for herself as an escape from the hands of justice. Making her way through the crowd to get within reach of the queen, one of the pistols happened to drop, on which the guards seized her, and were for dragging her away to prison ; but the queen, taking her for a man, would question her, and asked her name, country, and condition, to which she very composedly answered : " Madam, though in this dress, I am a woman ; my name Margaret Lambrun ; I was several years in the service of Mary Queen of Scotland, my honoured mistress, who was so unjustly put to death ; and by her death you farther caused that of my dear husband, who pined away with grief and abhorrence at so worthy a lady being executed like a malefactor ; and I, bearing inexpressible veneration for both, resolved, at the risk of my life, to avenge their death by yours. I have, indeed, gone through unspeakable conflicts, and striven as much as possible to divert myself from a purpose, which, though

inevitably fatal to myself, would be of no benefit to my mistress or husband; but my rancour was insurmountable, and I am an instance that no reason or danger can stop a woman's revenge, when stimulated by love."

Irritating and malignant as such a speech was, the queen, without any emotion, made the following answer:

"So you think killing me a point of honour, and my death a retaliation, which regard to your mistress and husband call for from your hands; but how think you it now behoves me to deal with you?" Margaret replied: "Freely will I declare my mind, if your majesty will first let me know whether you put that question as a queen or as a judge?" "As queen." "Then your majesty should pardon me." "What security can you give me that you will not abuse my goodness by a second attempt?" "Madam, a favour granted with such precaution ceases being a favour, so your majesty may proceed against me as judge." Here the queen, turning towards some of her counsel who were present, said, "Thirty years have I been a queen, but do not remember ever to have met with a person who gave me such a lesson; and, in return, she has my full and free pardon without any precaution." The lords of the council strongly urged the punishment of such a premeditated guilt. The queen, however, stood to her word. The pardoned delinquent desired that she might be conveyed out of the kingdom, and landed in some foreign country; which request was looked on as a stroke of singular prudence, and farther recommended her to clemency.

COUNTESS OF CLARENDON.

During the troubles in the reign of King Charles I. a country girl came up to London in search of a place, as a servant-maid; but not succeeding, she applied herself to carrying out beer from a brewhouse, and was one of those then called tub-women. The brewer, observing a well-looking girl in this low occupation, took her into his family as a servant; and, after a while, she behaving herself with much prudence and decorum, he married her; but he died when she was yet a young woman, and left her a large fortune. The business of the brewery was dropped, and the young woman was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a gentleman of skill in the law, to settle her husband's affairs. Hyde (who was afterwards the great Earl of Clarendon,) finding the widow's fortune very considerable, married her. Of this marriage there was no other issue than a daughter, who was afterwards the wife of James II. and mother of Mary and Anne, Queens of England.

THE SPEECHLESS CAKE.

THE march of mind has trodden down many of the follies of days past, undoubtedly, but many a mirth-creating frolic, many a gay hour, has vanished with them—wise England has thrown merry England in the shade. Beyond the period of mere childhood, (and that is nearly limited to the period of teeth-cutting,) our youth are too well informed for a practical jest to amuse them, any more than a superstitious charm to interest them; but with all their improvement it may be doubted, whether their spring time is as sweet as that of the multitudes who floated down the stream before them, carrying less ballast but far gayer colours.

Well do I remember my excellent grandmother holding this language above forty years since, when she entered a room in which sate three fine girls, (the eldest hope of her youngest daughter,) and two visitants, to whom she displayed a new-laid egg, which, she said, was the virgin egg of a milk-white pullet, and therefore the suitable vehicle for making a speechless cake.

“And what is a speechless cake, dear ma’am? is it some kind of a Cumberland cake?”

“Dear me, what one lives to see!” cried my grannam, “three bonnie lassies, all tow’rds seventeen, and not one kens the nature of a speechless cake; ane may search three northern counties thorow, and not find a lady in her bower, or a lilting lass tenting sheep on a fell side, sae ignorant.”

As my cousin and her friends were all highly educated young ladies, and yet blest with the innocent vivacity and curiosity natural to their years, each laid aside her employment, and circled the dear old woman, whose laughing eye indicated some kindly intention, blended perhaps with harmless mischief, and besought her to instruct them on the subject.

“A speechless cake is a potent spell to make those who eat it dream of their future husbands, provided it be made with all due propriety. It can be made only by an egg like this, which must be broken by three hands, stirred by three hands, placed in the oven and drawn thence by the same; they shall then lay it on a piece of bright silver, divide it with a silver knife, eat each her own share, neither more nor less; going three times backwards as they do so, round the table where it lies, and—”

“And what do they say, sing, or chaunt, grandma?” cried Eliza, who was all quicksilver.

“They say nothing; all must be done in perfect silence, or the

charm is broken ; each must go to her bed backward, without uttering either ah ! or oh !”

“Dear Mrs. Sydenham, give *us* the egg, we will do it,” said the gravest of the party.

“Then let us have a fire up-stairs, and manage the whole matter after the family are in bed.”

“That will not do,” said the venerable sybil ; “ye must bear temptation, and parry derision ; think you the prize of knowledge demands no sacrifice ?”

“I can hold my tongue,” said Mary Zouch, “but I cannot help laughing.”

“Then your labour will be in vain, and maybe ye’ll see worse things in your sleep than bonnie laddies, my dear.”

“We will do it for no other purpose but to prove we can,” cried Eliza, the youngest, gayest, and least likely to succeed, adding, as she turned to me, a miss of thirteen, “and you, Bab, explain our situation to every one, and use no monkey tricks yourself, or I’ll never forgive you.”

Thus admonished, I became, if not a performer of magic, yet a confidential agent, and can well remember with how much alacrity I flew to fetch the milk, and flower, and sugar necessary for this important compound ; whilst each of the intended operators, after three times using ablution to those hands which were to touch the mystic egg, and three times turning slowly round, entered on their vocation. Two had a grievous struggle with the risibility so ludicrous and novel a situation induced—the other became serious to frowning, and it was evident that reproof kept durance on her lips with difficulty.

My uncle, aunt, and three noisy boys were gone out to walk when this affair took place, and their surprise when they found the gay trio doomed to such an unusual state of taciturnity, and employed in what seemed so silly an amusement, may be easily conceived, nor could all my eloquence induce the young rogues around us to cease a perpetual battery against the resolution of the girls, to which, in fact, they were prompted by their grandmother. They struggled, however, most *womanfully* (to coin a word much wanted)—the cake was daly mixed, stirred in concert, patted out, carried in procession through passages and down steps to the oven, attended by the laughing boys, their vexed father, and soothing mother, with all due “pomp and circumstance,” and hitherto neither interjection, smile, nor sigh had interfered to betray weakness, or injure effect.

But a dilemma now arose—the tea was taken into the drawing-room ; and in those days tea was a meal of some importance, and the busy girls recollected all at once, that in their impatience to commence operations they had forgotten how many hours must elapse till bed time, during which no victuals must pass their lips save the all-powerful, but, alas ! very little, cake. It was very difficult now to render it still a speechless one.

It will be supposed that the boys lost no opportunity of commenting on the value of toast and tea, after a long walk, but this soon became a very inefficient provocative to speech, for it was the fashion of that day for young ladies to practise fasting, and the sight of Banquo's ghost would hardly have excited more horror at any table, than that of a pretty girl eating her dinner, and taking her wine, in the manner all do it now-a-days. The loneliness imposed on their seniors, the implied denial to sing, or take a hand at cards for *their* amusement, the determination not to answer even the baby's good night, and persisting in a folly decried for weakness in the first place, and obstinacy in the second, by rendering them dubious of their own right to sustain what each held to be contemptible, and what each believed she should be praised for breaking, rendered the trial indeed difficult.

But every individual considered herself bound in honour to the rest, who might, for aught she knew, really place some secret reliance on the charm which she would therefore lament to see broken ; nor is it unlikely that at the bottom each girl, however well educated, had somewhat of her great grandam's curiosity lingering in some unenlightened corner of her heart, for human nature will always have human weakness in some points. Be this as it may, our three heroines, albeit of most distinct characters, bore their ordeal nobly, and did not take their backward peregrination to bed till the usual hour had passed, and till the tormentors of their past patience had become their eulogizers.

Silently they undressed, and silently sought for the sleep which they earnestly desired, not merely for the dreams it might present, but the hunger it might allay, and the offences it would consign to oblivion—to say nothing of the load of witty sallies and courteous retorts, smothered in their birth, which still stuck in the throat, two out of three being really brilliant performers in this way, and such as no one would have expected to be silent for half an hour. Of course the third had experienced no little apprehensiveness on their account, and her less irritable temperament was by this time wrought up to their standard. Not one

could sleep, not one dared to complain, but all began to fear they should never find "kind nature's sweet restorer" again, and in the tossings and tumblings, the fretful feverishness of the jaded spirits, the most grave and considerate suddenly exclaimed, "The cake hath murdered sleep."

The bedfellow, and the visiter (who had procured a camp bed to be placed near them) immediately exclaimed, "you have broken the charm!" and proceeded to descant so volubly, that it was very evident, even in weariness and exhaustion, a woman's tongue may be pleasurably employed. It was not less remarkable that neither uttered one word of reproach, though the circumstance might be supposed to have occasioned bitter disappointment, and to have been peculiarly inexcusable on the part of her who had occasioned it, since she had, by many a severe look and speaking gesture, intimated suspicion and reproof to the others. Perhaps there was a sense of relief which repaid all—my witty cousin might rejoice in her future power of satirical remark, her less caustic and sentimental friend rejoice in the future pleasure of lamentation. I know not how the new charm wrought, but I well remember their slumbers were protracted, and many a time had I crept with silent, but impatient, steps to their chamber, ere I was an admitted guest, and the first depository of the unlucky termination of their labours.

The "what did you dream of? and you, and *you*? had passed in every possible direction soon, for in spite of my report that the spell was broken, a kind of lingering belief existed, even where the whole affair was most ridiculed, that something a "*little particular*," something to be remembered and to be remarked upon, would certainly arise—but no! not one of the three had any recollection of dreams. They could not say they had not dreamt of *something*, for one had started, another even spoke in her sleep and awoke her friend, but all declared (honestly I believe), since they neither blushed, nor prevaricated, that not the slightest recollection of the personages or incidents of their dreams existed.

"So then," said my uncle, exultingly, and I fear a little maliciously, "all the miseries of yesterday evening were sustained by us all unavailingly?"

Poor Anne looked round the room as if conscious that she, the strong one, had failed; but her eye revived as the long cane of my dear grandmother was heard in the hall, and her tall spare form, unbent by the pressure of seventy-three winters, was seen to enter the breakfast parlour.

"How could you, dear mother," said her daughter, "induce these young creatures into such folly as making a speechless cake yesterday evening?"—"a silly superstition completely obsolete, and really a waste of that time which was wont to be devoted to better purposes"—"it was very unlike yourself, my dear mother, I must say."

"I cannot think *that*, for three score and thirteen is a privileged age, and permits one to return to the pleasures and pursuits of early life so far as they can. I was well pleased, and na little amused to see the dear childer so busy and bothered—it minded me o'fine young things fondly loved and truly lamented, wi' whom I joined in sich like parties many a lang year since, when we all lived on the banks of Ulswater as gay as the rippling becks that feed it. I have since then been your father's wedded wife some two and fifty years, and really in that time I do not recollect, Mrs. ———, to have committed, or omitted, any thing becoming me as a wife or mither, to the which I may add, or the deportment becoming a gentlewoman, nathelless the puir speechless cake in my maiden days o'blithness."

The "Mistress ———" indicated some degree of displeasure, since it was the substitute for "my dear," "my own Sebby," "my honey," the general appellatives of her youngest darling, for whose sake she had persuaded her husband to resign the home of his fathers to his son, and become in an advanced age the inhabitants of a southern county, and the associates of a new world, where, however, their simplicity of manners increased the respect entertained for their virtues. My good aunt felt the gentle reproof conveyed in these words, she even saw that in the tall dilating form of her almost idolized mother, there was not only an implied sense of her own dignity, but a remembrance of that circumstance which was always the subject of a little harmless pride, viz. that she had shared the honour of making breakfast for the Duke of Penrith, when on his route to the battle of Preston Pans. Of course she apologized fully for wounding the feelings of the good old lady, but intermixed the apology with observations on change of times and progress of mind.

"Tell me your own account of the matter, my dear," said my grandmother, "and then I shall be able to judge how far I have injured you."

"It was given by each, not without many a dull comment, abundance of laughter, and a little intermixture of lamentation that not one of them could recollect any thing of their dreams—"the speechless cake had been entirely thrown away."

"That I deny, for it has tried your tempers, your powers of resolution, patience, and friendship?"

"But, dear grandmother, is it not a *charm* after all—did you cheat us into doing it?"

"By no means, 'tis one of the auld, lang tried spells known all through the north, and as good as sewing hemp seed, watching St. Mark's e'en, or any charm o'the like nature;" "nay, broken as it is, there hangs about it sufficient glamour to enable me to prophecy that ye will all three make excellent wives, and therefore are very likely to have good husbands."

"But shall we do well in the world?" said she who had broken the charm.

"Oh that is quite beyond my answering. I only know that you will bear misfortunes bravely, so I trust, if prosperity comes, it will be rejoiced in wisely."

Many years have gone by since the venerable speaker laid her honoured head in the dust—many changes have happened to each of the three young creatures she addressed, who are all now living. They all married early, and in the usual phrase well, yet two out of the three experienced great reverse of fortune, and have been widows some years. They have all, however, singularly fulfilled my aged relation's prophecy as being excellent wives; sustaining their respective husbands through many misfortunes; supporting them in sickness; comforting them in sorrow, and in bringing up their children so as to maintain their situation in life under the most depressing circumstances, and display to all, those virtues which cast lustre on every station.

At this period they are all happily situated, and their evening sun descending with golden beams, but they are all living far from their native county, and from each other. Should the eyes of any of them fall on these pages, I am persuaded they will have pleasure in recollecting the circumstance detailed, and in honouring, with kind remembrance, that dear relative who led them in the hour of unscathed youth and gaiety, to prepare food for many an hour of mirth, in recalling the efforts required by a Speechless Cake.

B.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

WE cannot commence our critical labour, on the first of the new year, better than by taking a peep through "Time's Telescope," and verily it is a most interesting instrument for looking back on the past, and forward to the future. Other annuals seek to attract by their embellishments, but this claims attention on the score of utility. The history of every day is chronicled, and at the same time is given an account of the business and the associations connected with it. The various phenomena of nature are perspicuously explained, and the astronomical notices are written in a style commendable not only for its clearness but its beauty. The work, in addition to all this, abounds with notices of the dead, and poems by the distinguished living, and is embellished with some two dozen engravings on wood—all interesting—and four portraits on copper. "Times Telescope" is, we believe, the oldest of the annuals, yet age has not impaired its vigour, for this is decidedly the best of the seventeen volumes which have appeared.

Novelties make their appearance rather slowly. Publishers, perhaps wisely, think that this social season is sufficiently provided with amusement without their literary playthings, and therefore reserve their attractive commodities for that period when people visit less, and the town is more full. A few novels, however, are now before us; "The Exclusives" undertakes to depict fashionable life, and is consequently nothing more than mere twaddle. The author we suspect has had but stolen views of the great, for his blunders are too apparent to escape even the sagacity of a waiting maid, and we are sorry to add that they want those risible qualities which impart to Irish "mistakes" so much that is amusing.

"The Life of a Midshipman" is a tale "founded on fact," and, like other matters of fact, is totally devoid of romance." The details, perhaps, might instruct as a history, but they lack all the attributes which could make a tale interesting, while they are, at the same time, so improbable that no stretch of credulity is likely to admit that "such things are."

In the "Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns" we have something more tangible and instructive. It is from the pen of the author of "Cyril Thornton," and, like that work, is written with great vividness and beauty. The subject indeed begins to tire; we have had some hundred volumes on those campaigns, but still this is one of those publications which will always command attention.

Though neither historical nor romantic, the "Private Memoirs of the Court of Louis XVIII." partakes sufficiently of both to make it acceptable to those who like "facts," as well as to those who choose to be pleased with "fancies." It consists of two volumes, and is supposed to be the production of Mad. de Caylus. The anecdotes with which it abounds are occasionally dull enough, but some of them are characteristic of French manners, and others are not devoid of point. The work will amuse a leisure hour, and bear more than one perusal. It will serve to introduce those to a knowledge of continental politics who are repelled from such an inquiry by the verbosity of newspapers.

"Tales of an Indian Camp" are also illustrative of society—but it is society under circumstances very different from those which have ever prevailed in the metropolis of France. The tales are purely Indian, or, more correctly speaking, the work is a collection of Hindoo traditions, legends, and superstitions. There runs through them a sameness which fatigues the reader; and though any one of them may be read at any time with pleasure, the whole can never be consecutively perused without an infliction of very serious ennui.

It is surprising from how many sources pleasure may be derived. The abstract inquiries of the mathematician may be rendered as entertaining as the best told fiction, and those who may be incredulous on the subject need only read Dr. Arnott's "Elements of Physics," a new edition of which is now on our table. It is indeed a work of "useful knowledge," and no one can peruse it without being both delighted and informed. Science has never assumed so agreeable a dress as the good doctor has given her.

History, judging from the number of volumes devoted to the past, is now a popular subject. We have, amongst others, a "History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain," by Dr. Mc Crie, and an "Historical Account of Discoveries in North America," by Hugh Murray, Esq. The first is neither very accurate nor very well written, and the second is a compilation, very useful, however, and very well deserving a place beside a similar work by the same gentleman, entitled, "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa."

Though not historical, "The Book of Rarities in the University of Cambridge" is associated with the past, and is calculated to interest more than the lettered sages of the Antiquarian Society.

Cheap books continue to multiply; in addition to the "Family Library," and "Constable's Miscellany," we have Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," which is calculated to secure knowledge admission, if not into the head, at least into the pocket; for it is to be in that portable form now so popular with publishers. It is to consist of about a hundred volumes, but each subject, or treatise, may be had separately, with appropriate title and embellishments. The first half dozen volumes are to be from the pens of Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Thomas Moore, and contains histories of the three united kingdoms. The first volume, by Sir Walter Scott, lies before us; it treats of the history of Scotland in that easy, happy style, which imparts such a charm to every thing Sir Walter executes. He follows implicitly Mr. Tytler, but though he has produced a very interesting narrative, it is quite apparent that he has given himself the least possible trouble. Many of his statements are questionable—many of his assertions are decidedly unsupported by history.

Sir Walter is certainly the most prolific writer of the day. We had scarcely laid down his history when a third series of his "Tales of a Grandfather," and a new edition of "Rob Roy," were put in our hands. To the latter is prefixed a preface giving an interesting account of the celebrated outlaw. Its embellishments are fully equal to the plates that ornament its predecessors. The present series of the "Tales of a Grandfather" are even more interesting than the two former; they relate events nearer to our own time, and contain many new anecdotes of the great rebellions of 1715 and 1745.

Though our notice of the annuals was pretty copious, we neglected to mention the "Landscape Annual," and Mr. Hood's "Comic Annual." Both are embellished, but how differently! The first contains splendid views of foreign scenery, but the "pictures" in the latter are neither more nor less than graphic puns—cut upon wood. They are all excellent, and well suited to this joyous and laughing season. The literary department is entirely filled by Mr. Hood himself. The articles abound in humour, and amongst the last is the following:—

" Its very hard! and so it is,
 To live in such a row,
 And witness this, that every miss
 But me has got a beau.
 For Love goes calling up and down,
 But here he seems to shun:
 I'm sure he has been asked enough
 To call at Number One!

" I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four !
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door ;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun—
Its very hard they come so near
And not at Number One !

" Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind ;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One !

" 'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy ;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But, la ! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One !

" There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run !
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One !

" My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days !
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One !

" Once only, when the flue took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun ?
We cannot always have a flue
On fire at Number One !

" I am not old ! I am not plain ;
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight :

I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun—
 But even beauty has no chance
 I think at Number One!

“ At Number Six they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The imp they show with bended bow—
 I wish he had a gun!
 But if he had, he'd never deign
 To shoot with Number One!

“ Its very hard! and so it is,
 To live in such a row!
 And here's a ballad-singer come
 To aggravate my woe:
 O take away your foolish song
 And tones enough to stun—
 There is 'nae luck about the house,'
 I know at Number One!”

LETTERS FROM LONDON.—NO. 1.

You will not of course, my dear Julia, expect a long letter from me at a season so joyous as this. You would not find time to read it, if I could snatch leisure enough to write it. Your uncle is one of those old-fashioned fellows who retain with as much tenacity the venerable customs of his ancestors as he does his silver buckles and long tail, and you are no doubt immersed in the busy cares incident to the situation of an old bachelor's niece—who resides one hundred and fifty miles from town.

As for me, I feel no uneasiness but what is derived from an excess of happiness: the town, it is true, is far from full, the black and ill-cleaned windows of our mansions at the west-end reflect the sombre aspect of leafless trees in the squares, and the streets are partially covered with snow, or rather that thin morning incrustation which is called hoar-frost. There is a monotony quite distressing about the Parks and Portland-place, and the absence of splendid vehicles and elegantly dressed ladies—fluttering in finery—give melancholy indication of fashion being still confined to the country.

Still you must not suppose that London is a dull place; far from it. East of Temple-bar is all bustle, and the full flood of life pours a rich tide of beauty and commerce through the windy avenues of St. Paul's. The season, too, is favourable to the development of those social feelings necessary to render our winter tolerable; the associations of Christmas are all cheerful and

heart-stirring, and I never remember a time when people seemed more inclined to give ample admission to every thing calculated to promote general enjoyment. All my friends are giving, or have given, parties. These are rendered doubly agreeable by the absence of that ceremony and etiquette which are considered inappropriate to the season; every one is disposed to be happy; beauty acquires an increase of attraction by the becoming levity of involuntary merriment; and even age, as it smiles at the boisterous hilarity of innocence, seems to shake off the frost of winter, and stand forward in anticipation of another spring.

Oh! Julia, I dearly love the noisy gambols of children at Christmas. The little cherubs look so interesting, and are so happy, and speak so prettily, and seem so good-natured, that one almost wishes to be—a mother. Their harvest of felicity commences on Christmas-day, and, unlike good Catholics, purgatory, with them, follows the joys of heaven. Sad that it should be so; pity they should ever endure the harsh reproof of inconsiderate pedagogues, or the more intolerable hardships of *fagging*.—I never look on their pretty happy faces at Christmas without wishing that I could educate them all myself.

Parliament, to talk of politics, meets early in February; the town will therefore soon begin to fill, and in anticipation of so desirable an event, the caterers for amusement are all activity. The Opera opens immediately; the mercers are laying in new assortments of finery; and fabricators of ices are studying the fashion most likely to recommend their delicacies. The Opera promises to be attractive this season; we lose one or two favourites, but others are being engaged, and a new face gives novelty to an old air. La Porte had need to exert himself; for theatricals have not been so successful here during the last twenty years. Standing room is hardly attainable in Covent-garden; and though the star of Drury-lane drooped under the superior brilliancy which illuminated the rival theatre, it has again risen under the auspices of Mr. Kean, and sheds a rich light on the finances of the manager. Both houses fill every night; and the minor establishments do not want patrons. The elephant at the Adelphi is a tower of strength, and "Black-eyed Susan" continues to present Mr. Elliston with a bumper every night at the Surrey. The Coburg too has its share of attraction: Dowton has been playing there three nights a week; and when he is supported by such favourites as Gatty and Miss S. Booth, we need not wonder that the boxes fill without the recommendation of one shilling orders.

There is something very remarkable about the inconstancy of

theatrical taste; the stage furor does not always burn with equal intensity; and we are surprised at finding that the drama, which was neglected last year, is supported this year with a prodigal liberality. A taste for theatricals has not, whatever critics may say,—declined amongst us: in the time of Garrick Drury-lane was, comparatively speaking, a barn, and although there were other theatres then, they would not all contain as many persons as now find admission into the pit and galleries of Covent-garden. Every provincial town has now its theatre; and those classes which formerly held the drama in contempt, if not in horror, as an incentive to vice, now recognise it as an amusement highly intellectual and instructive.

The theatre, therefore, it is obvious, does not want supporters, but then the dramatic taste in this country has undergone a revolution; it is, however, the revolution which civilization produces, and instead of being a reproach, as the admirers of the old school would have it, the prevailing taste is flattering to our national vanity. The barbarian is an enemy to that species of amusement which Mr. Liston is known to produce, namely laughter; the savage prides himself on the fixidity of his muscles—he never smiles; and considers it inconsistent with manly dignity, to endure anything approaching to merriment; he is in fact a practical cynic. As men emerge from barbarism they retain enough of this repulsive sternness to prevent them tolerating any thing approaching to humour; even our Norman ancestors were grave people: they lived in gloomy inconvenient castles, and their superstitious spirit could tolerate no dramatic entertainment but the moralities, which were at once dull and profane—if not impious. As society advanced tragedy raised its head: the fierce passions which give it interest suited a gloomy, revengeful, and unsocial age. The poisoned bowl and bloody dagger were their well-known instruments, and the slaughter of the innocent did not shock a people familiar with events which accorded with tragic representation. Tragedy then really held the mirror up to nature; showed society its own image, and gave a correct picture of passing occurrences. But as those “who live to please must please to live,” the drama, as men improved in humanity, took another feature. Civilization produces many classes: these in rude times are all unlike: the burgess has nothing in common with the soldier; the priest differs from the lawyer, and the peasant’s coat is of a fashion by no means suited to the employment of the artisan. These feel inclined to ridicule each other; peculiarities of dress become objects of merriment: the sober citizen excites the risibility of

the courtier, and hence the origin of comedy. It was unknown in times of barbarism, and belongs to an advanced stage of civilization.

There are, however, limits to its progress. When refinement has produced equality in dress and manners, comedy declines for want of that food necessary to merriment; the citizen is no longer an object of ridicule, he dresses like a gentleman, and has the manners and education of persons of fortune; his wife and daughters are accomplished ladies, and the nobles of the land no longer shrink from an alliance with the merchant. Every-day-life, therefore, affords no incident for comedy, but as people like to laugh, the play-wright has invented farce. Even this fatigues, and the dramatist is compelled to recur to former ages and distant lands for the materials of amusement. Tragedy, unless associated with national prejudice and the name of Shakspeare, does not interest, and the comedy of other times cannot amuse: the play-wright therefore blends all into one—tragedy, comedy, and farce, and produces a melodrama. This, to succeed, must have the adscititious aid of the painter's skill and the artist's invention. The eyes and the ears must be pleased; and therefore spectacles predominate. Harlequin is dull without good music and showy scenery; and though critics condemn, managers find their account in sacrificing to popular taste, which is generally natural and rational. Tragedy is endured in deference to some popular actor; accident sometimes invests it with novelty; a Miss Fanny Kemble attracts; and people run to see her, and not to be delighted with the master mind of Shakspeare, great and profound as all his plays are.

Heigh-ho! my dear Julia, is not this disquisition on the drama as dull as Sir James Mackintosh's preface to his intended History of England; but the truth is, I have been only endeavouring to show you how easy it is to seem wise and profound, and deeply read, and all that. The sterner sex, as they call themselves, shall no longer frown upon the lively nature of our happier genius; we will show them how easy it is to be metaphysical and dull.

I had almost forgotten to mention to you the last fashionable exhibition: it is quite the rage, though a thing very common, being nothing more than men-monsters.—I allude to the Siamese youths. These poor children, from an accidental contact before birth, were born together, and owing to the surgical ignorance of the country, the parts which adhered were allowed to acquire strength, and, of course, to lengthen as they grew up. It now forms a fleshy band, which connects their bodies together below



AFTERNOON COSTUME.

WALKING DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME FOR JANUARY 1830.

Published by James Robins & Co. London.



OPERA DRESS.

EVENING DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR JANUARY 1830.

Published by James Robins & Co London.

the breast, and consequently they are obliged to move together, which they do rather gracefully, with their hands lovingly thrown round each other. They are fifteen or sixteen years old, and, though their features partake largely of the Tartar and Hindoo cast, they are not uninteresting. They appear quite happy, and do not wish to be separated. There is nothing repulsive in the exhibition.

Miss Paton is now giving concerts in Liverpool with considerable success; and the censorious allege that her union with a noble lord has entailed upon her the necessity of increased professional exertion. Adieu.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

AFTERNOON COSTUME.

A dress of Canary-yellow satin, with one broad flounce round the border, edged by three rows of narrow, scarlet silk braiding; and the flounce headed by points, bound with white satin rouleaux. The sleeves, *à la Donna Maria*, with a bracelet at the waist, of white enamel, enriched by medallions of precious stones. A fichu-cape-frill, the same as the dress, triple, and trimmed round with white blond, falls over the back, and comes in front only as far as to the middle of each shoulder. The head-dress is a beret cap of blond and pink riband, ornamented with blue convolvuluses, which gracefully wave their petals and tendrils among the blond, in the interstices made by the puffs of riband. A Jeannette cross and heart of pearls are suspended from a braid of dark hair. The shoes are of pink satin.

WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of gros de Naples, the colour of the marshmallow blossom, fastening down the front by straps with a gold square buckle. The body made with fichu-robings. Sleeves, *à la Donna Maria*, with ruffles of lace at the wrists. At the shoulders are mancherons, in points, edged by a ruche. A rich Vandyck ornament of lace is worn round the throat of the pelisse. The bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with scarlet and orange-coloured riband.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Expense and variety promise to be the distinguishing marks of female attire this winter; it has now long been the favourite system to ransack every luxury to complete the toilet; it has been "increasing, still increases;" but we must not, we believe, say with the patriot, "that it ought to be diminished," since, though it may be an incitement to vanity and the love of expense,

it gives bread to thousands, sets our looms and manufactories to work, and aids the pursuits of commerce.

To begin with the noblest and most beautiful part of the human structure, the head, we are pleased to have it in our power to record the charming style adopted by the English ladies in the disposal of their tresses: the arrangement of the hair *à l'Aspasia*, is extremely beautiful; with light hair on a fair young person we never have seen any mode more becoming: a profusion of glossy ringlets, *en tirebouchons*, but not too long or too formal, grace each side next the face; and round the summit; on it, and not behind it, is wound a large plat of hair; and such a head-dress requires no ornament, but that which it has received from nature: married ladies, rather older, though still young, have their hair, at dinner and evening parties, arranged *à la Grecque*, with a wreath of large, full-blown white roses, placed nearly as low as the forehead. The turbans are more splendid than they have been for these two months past; they are of coloured gauze, sprigged with gold or silver, or with gold stripes interwoven among the gauze; these turbans are sometimes ornamented with half-wreaths of pearl-foliage, with heron's feathers, aigrettes, or devoid of any ornament, according to the style of the dress party. Bows of riband often ornament the summit of the head of young ladies; it is an ornament scarcely ever found becoming; it is too much like the head-dress of the French peasantry to suit an English face; particularly as the gallery of the comb is generally very high, and the bows are placed still higher. When clusters of short curls are worn next the face, they are beautifully disposed, and are universally becoming to the English countenance. Beautiful caps of black blond, trimmed with pink or crimson riband, are much in favour for home costume. The beret caps, also, of white blond, ribands, and flowers, though they have undergone no change in their shape, in the manner of disposing the riband, nor of the flowers, are not so *outré* as to size as they have been seen of late; but a cap has lately appeared, which we hope never to see patronized; it consists of a multitude of enormous fan ornaments, of stiffened tulle and blond, one of which, in the centre, is brought down over the forehead.

Dresses of satin with velvet boddice are much in request this winter; those of black are in high favour; the satin extremely rich, and glazed; these dresses are elegantly trimmed with black velvet, and over short sleeves of black are worn those of white tulle *à l'imbecille*. Many dresses are made like tunique robes; the tunique part marked out by broad fringe; this is one of the

most expensive trimmings now worn, owing to the splendid workmanship and richness of the fringe; feather fringe is a delicate and beautiful article, made from the barbs of the ostrich, and having all the quality of the finest silk; this trimming is reserved for the full-dress evening party. Morning dresses are made in the pelisse form, and are generally of gros de Naples; those for the breakfast-table, are of dark chintz, or double merino: that latter article is much admired; and, when elegantly made, and of fine texture, is often retained during the day, among even distinguished females; these are generally made partially low, with sleeves *à la Mameluke*. Dresses of Cyprus crape, of a bright crimson, figured in oriental patterns, are often worn in fire-side costume, with a pointed zone, of black velvet, forming a half corsage, and ornamented down the front with small, gold, Almeida buttons; the sleeves are also of black velvet *à l'Amadis*, and the cuff is also ornamented by gold buttons. At the social meetings of a few friends, where half-dress only is observed, a dress of dark-coloured gros de Naples, with a canezou spencer of white tulle, forms a favourite costume. On velvet dresses, for the evening, feather-fringe constitutes the favourite trimming.

Some very fashionable hats and bonnets are made of plush; it is a heavy-looking article which we do not admire, and reminds us too much of liveries and linings of carriages to be pleased with it on a lady's head: this is one of those fashions borrowed from across the water, which, with many others that we have adopted, would be "more honoured in the breach than the observance." We are surprised that our countrywomen should show themselves so wanting in invention, as thus to copy every foolery because it is French! The black velvet hats are trimmed with satin and velvet, intermingled: all the black bonnets, however, that we have yet remarked, in carriages, whether of satin or velvet, are trimmed with ribands of some gay and striking colour, and often with coloured feather-fringe; scarlet and yellow are the most favourite associations. Coloured bonnets, however, particularly those of dark-green velvet chequered with black, are reckoned, at present, especially for the carriage, more elegant than black. The coloured velvet bonnets are trimmed in great taste with ribands to suit; and have a plume of coloured feathers of some rare foreign bird.

Muffs of valuable fur, with pelerines having long ends to match, are very much in request this winter; the muffs and tip-pets most admired are ermine, or the grey American squirrel.

Pelisses for the carriage are of light colours, and generally of gros de Naples; they are often ornamented by braidings or velvet, of a shade conspicuously different. For the promenade they are of darker colours, and are made extremely plain: they are ornamented only across the bust, and that very slightly, *en chevrons*; but the backs are made square, and quite plain. Cloaks, however, are more worn than pelisses: they are chiefly of gros de Naples, trimmed with velvet, and some are made with sleeves; this fashion, though it adds to their warmth, imparts somewhat of an awkwardness to the wearer; the best way of wearing sleeves with a cloak, and which some ladies have adopted, is to have them of the same material, but not attached to it, and to be taken on and off at pleasure; then for the carriage, the Persian drapery, or the mandarin sleeve, forms a graceful appendage, and the arm-hole is properly concealed.

The most approved colours are willow-green, slate-colour, pensée, Canary-yellow, and pink.

Bodes de Paris.

EVENING DRESS.

A dress of pink tulle over a slip of satin, the same colour. A broad hem surrounds the border of the skirt, headed by pink ornaments, representing sheaves; these are formed of notched riband, mingled with pink fancy flowers; a row of these passes in an oblique direction, from the front of the border to the left hip. The corsage is *à la Sevigné*, with a bouquet of pinks and yellow crocuses in the centre of the drapery, which crosses the bust. The sleeves are very short and full, and are surmounted by full bows of pink satin riband. The head-dress appears much elevated, owing to the ornaments more than the hair; these consist of pink hyacinths and white rockets, mingled with pearls. The ear-rings and necklace are of coloured stones, to suit the dress, set *à l'antique*.

OPERA DRESS.

A dress of Smyrna gauze of a bright jonquil colour, with sprigs of red flowers, and green foliage. The body of the dress made low, and plain, with a cleft collar round the tucker part, *en paladin*. The sleeves *à l'imbecille*, of white tulle, confined at the wrists by coral bracelets. A cloak of crimson Merino, figured with black, in an Etruscan pattern, with a very large cape, bordered in the same manner, and finished round by a very deep black fringe.

The head-dress consists of a turban of crimson gauze, with the

hair ornamented with a bandeau of gold on one side of the forehead, with a large pearl in the centre of the bandeau ; on the opposite side is a plat of hair. The hair is dressed very short at the ears.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS IN DECEMBER, 1829.

The head dresses worn by young persons consist of a very broad plat of hair, placed like a diadem on the summit of the head, and almost concealing the comb behind. Besides the ringlets, which hang over the temples, many ladies wear them at the back of the head. Between the tresses, which are gathered up, and these ringlets, is seen the skin of the head from one ear to the other.

Ribbons of gold and silver lace are frequently used, both as bows on head-dresses in hair, and also as ornaments to *bérets*. On several dress hats of velvet are seen cocks' feathers, disposed like the plumage of the birds of paradise.

Dresses for evening parties, and for the ball room, are frequently of coloured crape, trimmed with rouleaux of satin and narrow blond. At a musical party was seen a very elegant dress, which was much admired ; it was of pearl-grey gros de la Chine ; it was bordered as high as the knee, with a superb fringe, in tufted tassels, with an open net head, beautifully wrought. The corsage fitted very tight to the shape. The sleeves of the dresses are now of so varied a style that it is almost impossible to say which is the most fashionable ; they are richly ornamented—they are simply plain ; some are wide, some narrow, others short, and others long. Those *à la Marino Faliéro* can only be worn in full dress, and are well adapted to the court ; the prettiest sleeve is that which is confined in two places by a riband tied at the inner part of the arm : these are often formed of blond over silk or velvet dresses. Dark coloured pelisse robes are worn with white satin petticoats ; the corsage is very much cut away from the shoulders, and is finished across the bust in Circassian drapery ; several points are attached to the shoulders, and fall over a sleeve *à la Donna Maria*. The ornaments which trim the front of these robes are of various kinds ; fringes, embroidery, gold lace, pearls, or rich braiding. Poplins figured in stripes, of a bright lilac, are very fashionable at concerts ; they have short sleeves the same as the dress, with long ones over them of white crape ; the corsage of these dresses is *en cœur*, the back is fastened by several small gold buttons. A new material for dresses in *grande parure* is of velvet, on which are imprinted palm leaves in gold.

On several velvet hats are seen feathers of the heath-cock, disposed like those of the bird-of-paradise. A hat of granite-coloured velvet has been much admired, ornamented with one single feather, an ell in length ; which, commencing from one side of the hat, surrounds the top of the crown, and then falls over, on the opposite side, on the middle of the brim, where it winds round to the edge. The new satin hats have the brims very much enlarged by a blond being sewn at the edge, stiffened, and kept out by scraps of wired ribbon covered with rouleaux of satin. Several hats, whether of satin or velvet, when they are black, are ornamented with feathers, black and scarlet, tied together, *en bouquet*. A bonnet of white satin, trimmed with bows of the same, is reckoned very elegant for the carriage or the public walks.

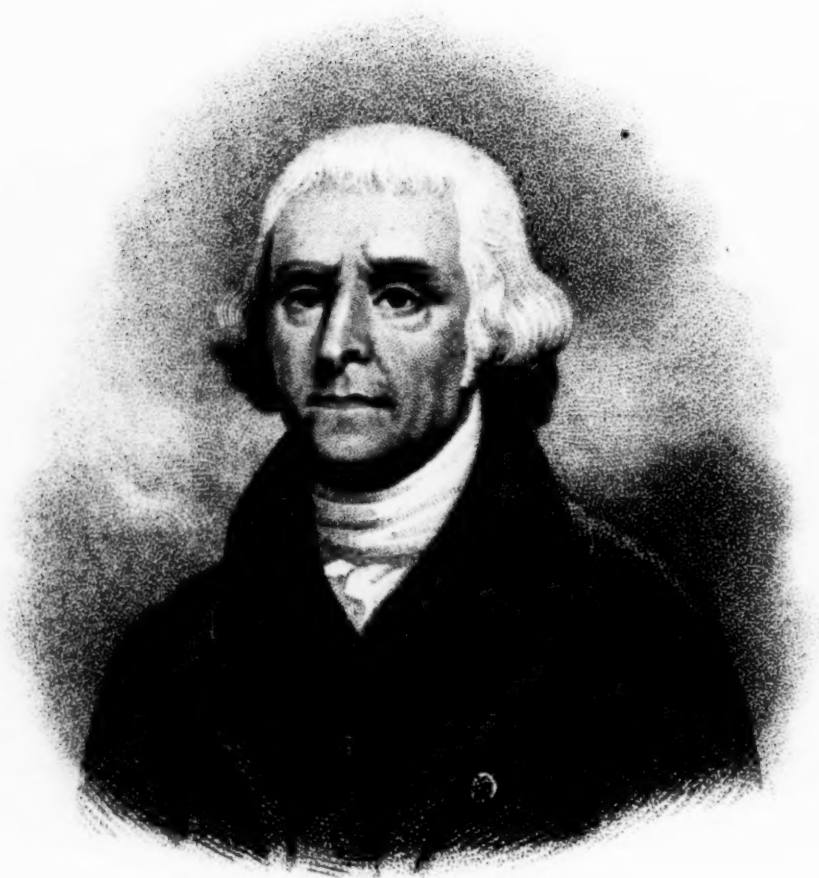
Cloaks, which are a very universal envelope, have now attained to a high degree of richness and elegance ; those most admired are of a bright coral-red, figured over in a splendid pattern of black, and the cape trimmed with a broad black fringe. A carriage pelisse has, however, excited much admiration : it is of canary-yellow gros de Naples, and fastens down the front by *papillon rosettes*, bound round with black satin ; over a broad hem round the border of the skirt is also a binding of black satin, with which the seams of the back are concealed. The collar is trimmed with narrow black blond. Another pelisse is of gros des Indes, of a light green, and is trimmed with *rûches* ; the front of the bust is made with a stomacher ; the upper part concealed by the ends of a black velvet cravat. A white satin pelisse has been seen, trimmed with swansdown, with sleeves *à la Donna Maria*. The pelisses of Merino, and of gros de la Chine, have, in general, the front of the bust made *à la Circassienne*, and the backs plain.

Wadded shoes are worn in home dress ; the most elegant are of cachemere, lined with white satin ; they lace up the instep, and have there a bow of satin riband.

Although velvet does not confer any advantage on the feet, making them always appear larger than they really are, yet the Parisian ladies of fashion wear velvet shoes this winter, in preference to any other, particularly in carriage morning airings.

Some very pretty gloves have been seen, of white leather, lined with rose-coloured or blue plush, and embroidered in the same colour as the lining ; the wrist is bound by a narrow satin riband, fastening by a gold clasp.

The most admired colours are yellow, light green, blue, coral-red, rose-colour, and pearl-grey.



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